

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Civil Rights Law.

THE President, in the exercise of his Constitutional prerogative, some time ago vetoed a bill known as "The Freedman's Bureau Bill," which had passed both Houses of Congress by very heavy majorities. On the question in the Senate, "Shall the bill pass, notwithstanding the President's objections notwithstanding?" it did not receive the vote of two-thirds of the Senators, as required by the Constitution, and consequently failed to become a law.

More recently the President vetoed "The Civil Rights Bill," which had also passed both Houses of Congress by very heavy majorities; but on the question arising, "Shall the bill become a law, notwithstanding the objections of the President?" it was so passed by the Constitutional vote of two-thirds in both Houses—that is to say, by 33 to 15 in the Senate, and 122 to 41 in the House—and is consequently the law of the land.

Regarded in every light, this law is one of the most important that ever received the sanction of the National Legislature. It was

framed to conform to the general conviction among loyal men, that the abolition of slavery would be little more than nominal, and the freedmen would be debarred from all civil rights, unless the legislation of the States was overruled by the legislative of Congress, which predicates its authority in the case on that clause of the last Constitutional Amendment which conveys it the power to give effect to the provision abolishing slavery, by all necessary legislation. Congress, also, claims the right to guarantee to the people of all the States a republican form of government, and affirms that no government is republican, in form or essence, which deprives any portion of its people of civil rights.

The opponents of the law have mainly objected to it as supererogatory, or, at least, unnecessary, since some of the States have made concessions in the direction required, and that all would ultimately do so. The answer to this has been, that the expectations of the country have not been met by the temper and scope of Southern legislation, and that it would be unsafe to trust to its reformation, and that

the whole matter should be set at rest by national laws.

The details of the law are various, to our mind needlessly complex, and perhaps, in some respects, unwise. If so found in practice, they may easily be altered. But the purpose and essential object of the law must meet the approval of every loyal American and of the civilized world. This is set forth with sufficient clearness in the first section. Leaving out the technical phraseology, we may epitomize the law as follows:

SEC. 1 provides, that all persons born in the United States, not subjects of foreign powers, or untaxed Indians, "shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, to be sued, to parties and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property, and to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as are enjoyed by white citizens; and shall be subject to like punishment for the commission of like crimes."

SEC. 2 prescribes punishment by fine and imprisonment against any one who shall deprive any citizen of the United States, as defined in Section 1, of his rights therein set forth, or who shall prescribe any special or exceptional punishment on account of color or previous condition.

SECS. 3, 4, 5, and 6 prescribe what courts and officers

shall have cognizance of cases of violation of the enactments of the law, and their duties.

SEC. 7 prescribes the nature and extent of punishment for such persons as may "knowingly and wrongfully" resist, or aid and abet in resisting the officers acting under the law.

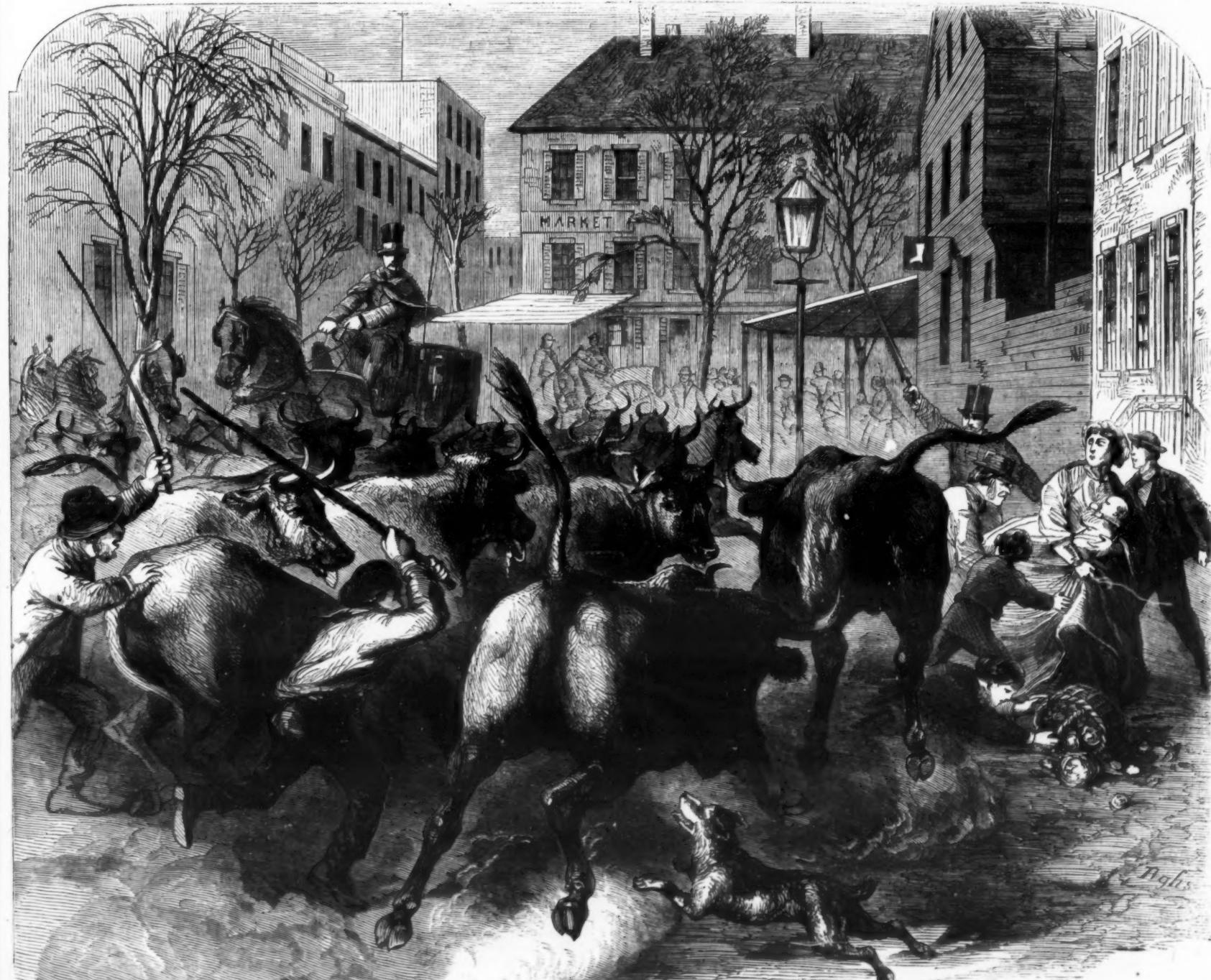
SEC. 8 provides for the payment of officers appointed or acting under the law.

SEC. 9 authorizes the President to direct certain officers in special cases, for the more speedy arrest and punishment of offenders against the law.

SEC. 10 is textually as follows: "That it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, or such persons as he may empower for that purpose, to employ such part of the land or naval forces of the United States, or of the militia, as shall be necessary to prevent the violation and enforce the due execution of this act."

SEC. 11 provides for appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States on all questions of law arising under the act.

It has been suggested that the President will decline to enforce the law, and we are sorry to see, in some directions, advice to him to nullify it by non-action. Such advice is insulting, and the suggestion is not to be entertained. We have yet to discover in the conduct or policy of the President any disposition to set up his single judgment against that of the people with whom he has struggled, through four years of conflict, in sustaining the Government and in eradicating the cancer



CATTLE DRIVING IN THE STREETS—WHO CARES FOR OLD WOMEN AND SMALL CHILDREN?

that was consuming the vitals of the Republic. A wanton disregard of his obligations to execute the laws of the country would not alone be a violation of his oath, but lay him open to impeachment.

If, as it is said, the lately rebellious States intend action equivalent in purport to the provisions of the bill, then the most that can be said against it is, that it is anticipatory—a very trivial objection. If, on the other hand, they did not intend such action, it was time for the country to take the inactive, through its representatives. If, as also alleged, the law is crude, let it be amended. The principle it embodies is logically born of the war, and its adoption a necessary consequence of the great Constitutional Amendment.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1866.

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Drifting.

THE steady yet unseen flow of the currents of the ocean has, of late years, been closely studied by the votaries of science. From the North and South Poles alike of our globe is found a constant "set" of water toward the equator, and near the equator itself the meetings of these immense aqueous masses cause other and minor currents, flowing some toward the east, others toward the west. These movements are independent of the tides, and superior to storms, which may indeed ruffle their surface, but cannot affect their depths. Their existence comes from time to time before the public in a startling manner. A ship, deserted by her crew and left imbedded in the ice in Polar solitudes, is floated on the bosom of this drift for thousands of miles, into the easy grasp of civilization, and is made an olive branch of peace from one family of nations to another. Bottles cast into the ocean in one hemisphere, float and are picked up in another, and their contents are the sole evidences of disaster or death. Mariners, when their ship is becalmed in low latitudes, apparently motionless—

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean"—
find by their observations that the surface which bears them, has a motion of its own, imperceptible, though not slow, and are happy to escape the shipwreck toward which they were borne.

Such phenomena are not without parallel or analogy in our body politic, and it is often useful to abstract our minds from the storms which surround us, and from the perils of daily occurrence, which ordinary vigilance enables us to meet and overcome, and taking, sailor-like, our distances and observations from principles which are as immutable as the heavenly bodies themselves, ascertain if we are really proceeding in the direction we think we are, or whether some secret and unseen influence be not bearing us out of our course; in short, if we are drifting, and if so, whither?

The family is said to contain the germ of true social organization, and municipal liberties those of the State itself. Our form of government is republican, and our institutions are democratic; and in full faith in the ability of these to promote "the greatest happiness of the greater number," and having a practically unlimited extent of country in which to prove the truth of these theories, our fathers founded, and we carry on the Government of the country.

The same forms and principles that were used for the whole, were applied essentially to the parts, and the general features of the Federal administration at Washington repeated themselves in the municipalities of the cities. Time rolled on, and, independently of its government, this city grew and prospered, till it became the second commercial centre of the world. In the pursuit of wealth and the enjoyment of the power it conferred, our leading men grew indifferent to the way in which laws were made and the mode in which they were administered, leaving such matters to those who chose to make politics their trade and the spoils of office their reward. It is an old story—nearly threadbare, and not worth repetition. Every one knows how all departments of our city government were tainted with corruption; and though every one longed for a change, none knew what was best to do, or how to do it. It came, however, at length—slowly, like all great movements. The Central Park Commission first showed how an enormous sum of the public money might be spent honestly, and the purpose for which it was laid out was successfully achieved.

The Police Commission followed next; and by its means a department, notorious for its subserviency to party politics and party uses,

became at once, when cut loose from such associations, a model of efficiency.

Then came the reorganization of the Fire Department—degraded, as the police had been, by its association with professional politicians. It was handed over to Fire Commissioners, and the approbation of the public ratifies the change that has been made.

The most recent reform has been in substituting a Health Commission for the proved incapable city officials. The public was tired and disgusted with the constant squabbles of inspectors, deputy inspectors, supervisors, and the whole tribe of officials whose chief aim seemed to be depleting the treasury and doing as little work as possible, and sees with the greatest gratification the whole ruck set aside, and the inauguration of a system which gives us clean streets, suppresses nuisances, and, in short, does the work well it is paid for doing.

A Board of Revision and a Board of Public Works are next promised us; and, if these Commissions work well, as they doubtless will, it is probable that, before long, we may see the entire of the city government, including the administration of justice, carried on by such means.

The public satisfaction with the changes hitherto made is unmistakable. While the city is embellished, property and life more fully secured, the laws of health rigidly enforced, our citizens cannot but applaud the means by which these changes are wrought; and if the city municipality was, by reason of its political corruption, unable to make these reforms, they do not repine at the State Government taking its place, and the Legislature at Albany appointing Commissioners to rule this city.

With this general public satisfaction we cannot but agree, and nothing is further from our wishes than to express the faintest dissent from it. But, dismissing for a moment considerations of increased comforts and happiness, let us see where we have drifted to—where this mighty wave of popular sentiment is gradually floating us. Till within a recent period, every one of our citizens had a vote in the election of our municipal rulers. Now, as regards many of the most important offices, our votes are not asked for, simply because there are no elections. We are ruled by the nominees of the Governor and the Senate, and it is improbable that before long an election for Mayor will be the only political event, in civic affairs, to distract the attention of our citizens from their engrossing and more weighty personal matters. We may be quite content with this; but what becomes of our municipal liberties? We may be satisfied to receive our rulers by the divine right at Albany; but where are the democratic institutions which were formerly our boast? We accept a pure, honest and capable city government in exchange for privileges theoretically most dear to us. Abstract rights we are glad to barter away for solid, practical and appreciable benefits. We have got our mess of pottage, but where is our birthright?

So far as we can read the law, there is nothing to hinder the appointment of the same Commissioners to act on different Boards at the same time. The Mayor is ex-officio, member of all. This being so, there may be in store for us, at no very distant time, a consolidation of the various Commissions. An united commission would be no violation of the principle that authorizes one, and it may be found in practice much more efficient. The name of this form of government would sound ugly to American ears, and we leave it unwritten, because, while we are content with the sound, nor refuse to worship a new idol, because at other times, and in other countries, its votaries have debased themselves.

But beyond and above these shifting, surface changes, we see a mighty principle at work, which will, we are assured, bring us all right in the end. Our citizens will learn that in the proper equilibrium of a State, there are more sacred duties than the mere pursuit of wealth: That if rights are to be preserved, they must be exercised. That the franchise of a city like this, is not a privilege to be used or not, at the caprice of the owner, but a duty to be performed on all occasions. If the practical deprivation of it for a while can teach us its inestimable value—if the punishment we suffer for our political sins of omission can instruct us to place hereafter a higher value on the privileges we have lost, the lessons of the age will not have been taught in vain.

Extraordinary Collocations.

The general observer of matters and things cannot fail to be struck by the "extraordinary collocations" that are going on in the political world. We have had sent to us the prospectus of the "Southern Vindicator," to be published at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. We cannot print it entire, but will insert two paragraphs, which are not consecutive, but in which is very nearly realized the difficultfeat of "carrying water on both shoulders."

"It will strenuously oppose all attempts made to impose negro suffrage upon the State; will defend the people against attacks made by that God-forsaken set of fanatics called 'Radicals,' who are now trampling the Constitution under their impious feet, and by their insane acts endangering the present serenity of the land. * * * Now is the time to have the country properly represented by fine journals that will, by their appearance at the North, show the people of that section that the 'rebellion' has ceased, the 'guerrillas' have left their haunts in the woods for peaceful pursuits in the cotton-field, and the country, generally, has resolved itself into a perfect state of 'civilization.' No danger need be apprehended by those who wish to leave their Northern homes to locate in our sunny climate."

A correspondent of the *Daily Times*, writing from Mobile, gives a still more remarkable illustration of thefeat we have alluded to, and in which the bad sailor's alternative adjuration, "Good Lord!—Good Devil!" is very well paraphrased. There was a grand anniversary celebration of the Fire Department of Mobile, on the 9th of April. According to the *Times*, the following were among the toasts drunk on the occasion:

"The President of the United States—the first fearless patriot; the friend of those who support his policy, the enemy of those who oppose it."

"Jefferson Davis—soldier, statesman, patriot, prioneer; our tongues may be mute, but our hearts are with him."

Comment is unnecessary. We have only to say that this occurred in the State, on the narrow and malignant legislation of which we had last week occasion to remark. We cannot expect doves from buzzards."

Swill Milk.—The Board of Health.

The Board of Health, in wholesome dread of a possible pestilence visiting us this summer, and in pursuance of their duties, have taken cognizance, among other nuisances, of that frightful evil, the swill milk stables, which desolate and corrupt the neighborhoods where they exist, spreading disease and death among thousands of our helpless, innocent children yearly.

Eight years ago we took this matter in hand, and thoroughly investigated it. Before we spread the sickening details before the public, we instituted close and searching inquiries. Accompanied by our artists, we visited, personally, some of the worst dens of filth and disease, and gathered together sufficient data and ample sketches to warrant us in attacking this hydra-headed monster of corruption and inhumanity, which dealt out liquid poison through every avenue of our city.

It must not be supposed that we gained this information easily and without risk. On the contrary, we were beset with danger, threatened with personal violence, and obstructed at every step, even before our designs were known or our intentions suspected. But we were undeterred by possible consequences, and issued our first protest against the further existence of the evil in our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of May 8th, 1858. The frightful revelations thus practically placed before the public eye, both by narrative and pictorial illustrations, created a profound sensation. The horrible details which we gave, fairly staggered the public belief, and raised up a host of assailants, who maligned our motives, traduced our character, and proclaimed the whole a sensation swindle, got up to sell our paper and increase our circulation. Thus, in our endeavor to achieve a great public reform, we raised about our heads a nest of hornets, ready and eager to sting us to death. Conscious of the integrity of our motives and of our singleness of purpose, we concluded that our best defense against these deadly aspersions was to vindicate the truth of our assertions by corroborative evidence, and the fullest and most complete exposure of the infamous traffic in the breadth of its villainy and in the minutest details of its horrors.

To do this, we had literally to storm the strongholds of a wily and wealthy enemy, now fully prepared and on the defensive. Regardless of personal risk or expense, we penetrated, disguised, into their rotten, pestiferous premises; our artists mingled with their employés, and gathered subjects for their pencils; we organized a corps of detectives, who tracked the swill milk wagons from the depots of the poisonous stuff to the homes of their customers, publishing the names of the drivers and the numbers of the houses where the fetid milk was delivered; we hired men and wagons to scour this city, Brooklyn and its surroundings, to hunt up the smaller dens of filth, which were numerous, describing the locations, and branding them before the public. We procured specimens of the milk, and spent large sums in having them thoroughly analyzed, giving the startling results to the public, and reproduced the printed evidence of former investigations, which corroborated in every particular the truth of our charges and the unexaggerated facts of our illustrations. Had the Press of the city boldly sustained us at that time, we should have crushed out the infamous traffic, and have left nothing in that line for the Board of Health to do now. But they were, with few exceptions, reluctant to follow the movement which we led, and the opposition made by corruption, sustained by ill-gotten wealth, rendered the fight so unequal and desperate, that, despite of almost super-human exertions, our battle, in results, was but half gained.

Still we persisted in our exposure, although our detectives were discovered, shot at, maltreated and their wagons broken, which we had to replace; our artists were stoned, and threatened with summary punishment, while we, ourselves, constantly received messages and letters, threatening our life if the matter was pushed to an extremity. Having thoroughly aroused the public mind, and at last gained full credence, we demanded an inquiry from the municipal authorities. There we found the bitterest and most determined opposition. At the examinations, we were tried, and

not the wholesale dealers in poisoned milk and murder. No such infamous transactions ever disgraced a municipal body before. All that could be, was devised to shield the criminals, to shelter them under the cloak of respectability which their ill-gotten blood-money was supposed to confer, and to whitewash them instead of the swill-milk stables. But the damning facts, unwillingly elicited, compelled the Aldermen, in deference to public indignation, to some show of inquiry. The Street Inspectors were compelled to examine and report, and a day was appointed for the corrupt Aldermen to visit the reeking cow-stables.

But neither the Street Inspectors nor the Aldermen saw what we saw. Before the appointed day, which was made publicly known, droves of wretched animals, with stump tails, rotten horns and hoofs, and poisoned udders, were driven from the pest-houses into the by-ways of the country, and were seen, by the hundred, on the roads of Westchester and Long Island, grazing, in wondering astonishment, upon the first wholesome food that the poor wretches had tasted for years. The stables were white-washed and pretty thoroughly cleansed; some of the employés were washed until their foul smell was nearly obliterated, but bequeathing their ill-odor to the investigating Aldermen; fresh and healthy cows replaced the dying of their kind; and the Committee really found but very little to complain of.

The City Inspector's report substantially confirmed all that we had asserted, and the testimony of the most eminent physicians corroborated it—not only by facts occurring in their daily practice, but by careful analysis and thorough test. But what the Aldermen had not seen, they did not believe—or the reasons why they did not see were sufficiently weighty and substantial to blunt their perception; so, after passing some sham ordinances for the future regulation of these poison distilleries, the public terror was quieted, and the matter was dropped, to the satisfaction of the Aldermen and their clients; the diseased cows returned to their stables, and the work that we strove to accomplish was left unfinished, to be consummated, we trust, by the present Board of Health.

For our honest and earnest endeavor to do a public good, by extirpating a stupendous public evil, we were dragged through civil and criminal courts—insulted and bullied by hired ruffian lawyers, sustained, against all precedents and practice, by corrupt elective justices—our life and property endangered—our character blackened and our motives recklessly impugned. To this must be added the sacrifice of our time and health, and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, necessitated by the complicated and extensive machinery we had to put in motion, to gather together the mass of facts to support our charges, and to defend the suits instituted against us.

Still we had the proud satisfaction of feeling that we had done our duty; that we had, at least, partially abated a nuisance, and aroused the whole country from a sense of fatal security to a state of searching inquiry and active suppression. The great public at large, too, finally appreciated our motives and endeavors, and acknowledged the justice and disinterestedness of our course.

The Board of Health, if they desire to effect anything, must make a clean sweep of these pestiferous nuisances. They must not allow the respectability (?) of the wealthy owners of the swill cow-stables to defeat the ends of justice. These depots of poisoned food should be extirpated root and branch, and not merely removed from one locality to corrupt another. They should be suppressed utterly—totally. The sentiment of the people demands it—the health of the city demands it; and the Board of Health will be held responsible if this act of solemn retribution and simple justice is not fully accomplished, and at once.

TWO WEEKS ago we had occasion to make some observations on "The Loan Bill" which had previously passed the House, and was then pending in the Senate. It has now become a law. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to fund the various obligations of the Government as they fall due, at such rates as he may deem advisable. This is something, but the great defect of the law is the limitation which it imposes on the Secretary, in providing that he shall not retire over \$10,000,000 of "greenbacks" within six months, nor more than \$4,000,000 a month thereafter. Under the law, therefore, only \$18,000,000 can be retired before the next session of Congress in December—less than 2½ per cent. of the whole amount. The provision is of consequence only as indicating the acceptance of the policy of contraction of the currency. This limited contraction, which will, of course, be made, will, probably, and unhappily, be more than made up by increased issues of paper money under the National Banking Law. Still, something is gained. Principle, although fettered, is nevertheless vindicated, and the probabilities are strong that Congress, at its next session, will give Mr. McCulloch ample powers to reduce the outstanding "greenbacks" à la *discretion*. As the colored divine is reported to have said, "So mote it be."

Meantime we have to note that Senator Sherman has introduced a bill to equalize the amount of currency authorized to be issued by the National Banks, so that each State, North and South, shall have a just proportion. Only \$300,000,000 can be issued, of which not far from \$250,000,000 are already absorbed.

THE rumors of coming war between Prussia and Austria grow every day more alarming, so much so, that trade in Vienna has received a serious check. On the one hand, it appears certain that the Austrian Emperor, whether to indicate his resolution or really to fight, has put his army in motion northward, has withdrawn furloughs, purchased horses, and made just those preparations on which Governments not in earnest are unwilling to waste money. On the other hand, the

Prussian Government, though aware that Austria is armed, still threatens, and the peace party of which the Queen and the Prince Royal were the heads, have, it is said, given way. The Italian Government evidently believes that war is at hand. The Prussian Court has given a grand reception to General Govone, the Italian Military Envoy, and has named Prince Frederick Charles Commander of the Army. The main hope of peace in both countries is the extreme uncertainty of the course which the Emperor of the French would see fit to take when hostilities had once commenced.

THE New York *Times* announced, about a week ago, as a new mode of treatment of the cattle-plague, the vigorous rubbing of the skin of the infected animals, and the covering of their bodies with cloths dipped in cold water, over which dry cloths be spread. Of 22 cases treated in this manner, only one was lost. But already in 1838 George Kalmar, of Oldenburg, described the successful treatment which had been recommended by Priesnitz. The infested animals were at once to be covered with cloths wetted in cold water and then wrung out; these, compressed, were to be closely covered by dry cloths, and to be renewed about every half hour. At the same time cold water injections were repeatedly applied; the stables kept scrupulously clean; not much, but pure food given; three times a day a large quantity of water was poured into their mouths, and the body of every sick animal thoroughly brushed and rubbed with cold water morning and evening. The wet cloths were spread upon the back and belly of the animal, and then thickly covered with dry woolen cloths. This generally produced a strong perspiration, and the animal soon recovered. In some very bad cases, injections of water of a very low temperature were applied to the eyes, ears, nose, and into the mouth and throat, with great effect.

THE London *Times*, which was inclined to discredit the reported atrocities of British troops in Jamaica, is at last compelled to admit that "There is no longer any reasonable doubt that cruelties, of which it is impossible to think without shuddering, were perpetrated in the suppression of the Jamaica insurrection. It is now certain that scores, and perhaps hundreds of persons, were flogged before being hung, and often before being tried."

THE passage of the Civil Rights Bill is the sixth instance in the history of our government wherein a bill, after being vetoed by the President, has become a law. The following is a list of vetoes issued since the formation of the government:

By George Washington	2
By James Madison	6
By James Monroe	1
By Andrew Jackson	9
By John Tyler	4
By James K. Polk	3
By James Buchanan	1
By Andrew Johnson	2

Our chivalrous friends in Dixie have unhappy feelings among themselves, and are prone to criminations and recriminations. The latest, and by no means the worst, illustration of the manner in which they love each other, is afforded by Ex-Governor Allen, of Louisiana, who discourses of Pollard, the author of the "Southern History of the War," in the following pungent strain. He asks, and answers:

"Who is Mr. E. A. Pollard? He is a Virginian, the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and the author of the "Southern History of the War." We have grieved for the first, blushed for the second, and contempt for the last."

The proximate cause of this criticism is that "Mr. Pollard denounces Ex-President Davis, Generals Lee, Johnston, and Beauregard, and says 'The Southern people disgraced themselves for ever when they refused to fight to extermination; that they lack courage and endurance—statesmanship and intelligence.'"

WOOD-PAPER.

Application of an Important Invention.

THE demand for paper seems to be increasing in a geometrical rather than an arithmetical ratio. In conjunction with the heavy taxes imposed on many of the materials which enter into its manufacture, it has been found that the supply of rags, Manila rope, and such other articles as have hitherto entered into its composition, is by no means adequate to meet the requirements of the manufacturers. For some years the producers, as well as consumers of paper, have directed much attention to the discovery of new and cheaper paper stock—not alone to meet increasing demands, but to keep down prices. Without this, it became obvious that printing and publishing would be checked, and the cost of books and newspapers greatly enhanced to the public. The question thus became one not alone of class or professional interest, but of general and popular concern.

It has long been known that a great variety of materials can be converted into paper. Straw has been used for coarser varieties for many years, and within a few years has been extensively made into very fair printing paper. Corn husks and leaves have also been very successfully converted into paper in Austria. But even these new sources of supply proved inadequate to fill the widening channel of demand. It still continued a great desideratum to find a still cheaper and greater, and if possible, exhaustless supply of raw material. To this end, enterprising, patient, and capable men have long directed their exertions, and we have now to record their triumph.

Paper has been made before now, in small quantities, through tedious and costly processes, from wood; but it was reserved for an American company to perfect, cheapen, and extend the process, so as to make it of real manufacturing and commercial importance. This company has built most extensive works at Manayunk, on the Schuylkill, a few miles from Philadelphia, where the manufacture of wood into paper pulp is carried on, on a large scale. The works cover nearly 10 acres of ground, and are supplied with extensive water and steam power, powerful machinery, and all the substantial adjuncts for carrying on the manufacture—the

whole costing little less than a million of dollars. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the works and machinery, without the aid of a series of plans and sketches, the production of which we must defer to a future day.

The first thing that strikes the attention of the visitor is a vast store of linden, poplar, hemlock, and pine logs—15,000 cords—which is constantly kept up by wagons, cars and canal boats. These logs are thrown into the cutters, which slice and chip them up as readily and rapidly as if they were radishes. The chips are then carried to the reducing vats, where they are boiled with strong alkalies, until reduced to pulp, and subsequently washed and bleached, and run off in the shape of great rolls of paper, ready for market. It is found best to use the pulp in this condition, with from 10 to 40 per cent. of rag stock, in the production of paper for market. It can be, and has been, largely used, however, without intermixture. Nearly 500 reams of it were used by this establishment for printing our great gift picture of "Grant in Peace."

The formal opening of these works, which are capable of producing 30,000 lbs. of pulp daily, took place on the 12th of April, in the presence of an invited gathering of about 300 gentlemen from all parts of the Union, directly or indirectly connected with the making or consumption of paper. There were papermakers and printers, Mayors and Members of Congress, editors and authors, an assemblage which, in public reputation, established capacity, enterprise and wealth, may have been equalled, but never surpassed in this or any other country.

The inspection of the works in the afternoon was pleasantly closed by a magnificent entertainment at the Continental Hotel, of Philadelphia, in the evening, which was enlivened by toasts and speeches; some of the latter of which were sufficiently instructive, if not wholly appropriate to the occasion. Mayor McMichael presided, supported by Hon. Alex. H. Rice, M. C., of Boston, Hon. Mr. Jencks, of Rhode Island, President of the "American Wood Pulp Company."

Among the guests were the well-known political economist, H. C. Carey, and Messrs. Bayard Taylor, Baker, and Squier, authors and travelers; among leading publishers and editors, Mr. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*; Mr. McElrath, formerly of the N. Y. *Tribune*; Mr. Sinclair, still of that establishment; Mr. Frank Leslie; Mr. Tilton, of the *Independent*; Mr. Erastus Brooks, of the *Express*; Mr. Beach, of the *Sun*; Mr. Stewart, of the *Baltimore American*; Mr. Hale, of the *Boston Post*; Mr. Defrees, Superintendent of Public Printing of the United States, and many others. Among publishers, Van Nostrand, Scribner, Randolph, Hurd, Yorston, etc., etc.; and of the great paper manufacturers and dealers—Messrs. Hall, Buchanan, Butler, Kilmer, and scores of others.

The whole affair was originated and carried out by Messrs. Jessup & Moore, the lessees of the great works we have described, and who have been the first to discover, appreciate and adopt the great and useful invention of the "American Wood Pulp Company," which owes its existence and the perfection of its processes mainly to Mr. Hugh Burgess.

FOR CHILDREN.

THE second number of "FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDREN'S FRIEND," for May, is just issued, and is a great improvement on the first. It has not less than 19 interesting engravings—that on the title page, "TAKING IT EASY," being alone worth the cost of a number. We never have read a pleasanter or more instructive story for children than that of "PETER AND HIS GOOSE." This is only one of three, besides Anecdotes, Adventures, Poetry, Enigmas, etc., etc. Parents will thank us for calling attention to this novel and beautiful publication. It is only 10 cents a month, or \$1 a year.

TOWN GOSSIP.

IT is strange how small a thing will agitate a great city. The breaking down of a milk-train, by which half a million of people are deprived of their morning milk for coffee, is an event that has occurred more than once, and is of the most vital importance. The raising of omnibus fares from 6 to 10 cents, brought all New York to arms, and resulted disastrously to the stage, though they afterward gained their point insidiously. Now we have a new excitement, actually lasting over a period of several days, in the strike of the city car-drivers, and the consequent stopping of those necessary articles of locomotion.

The story is simply in a nut-shell. These drivers get \$2 per day, that being about the same rate of remuneration as \$1 would have been five years ago. They naturally find that they cannot support existence on this pittance, to say nothing of keeping a family, and, consequently, ask for more, which the poor railroad directors cannot afford; if they did, their stock, instead of paying 75 per cent. per annum, as it now does, would not pay more than 7½ per cent., which would be very bad for the directors, who are all to be pitted, as rich men should be, and want to make all the money they can.

Now, it is within the memory of men—and women, too, for that matter—that a certain time ago these said railroads did raise their fares, illegally, one cent on every passenger. By the average, which is taken of the earnings of each car, they being counted at 416 passengers, at 6 cents each, the amount would be \$24.16, and the excess, \$4.16, which sum will pay the entire wages at present given to conductor and driver. Now, the conductor has this advantage over the driver: he handles the cash, and some of it, however small the amount, can stick to his fingers, but the poor driver has no such chance to make up for the deficit in wages, and is obliged to starve. They ask an advance of 50 cents per diem, which is denied, and they have gone legally to work to obtain it, by stopping all persons from driving who have not a license, and having them fined. The company, on the other hand, have called in the aid of the police, and some of the principal officers have made game of themselves by personally driving the cars, for which they have been arrested and fined. As the matter now stands, it is a mighty pretty quarrel; but we would quietly suggest that, while it may be fun to the company, it is death to the public and to these drivers, who cannot, without taking the very bread out of the mouths of their children, afford to lose a single day's work. We cannot conceive why the public, who are willing to be swindled, should also be inconvenienced. These companies knew well, long before this strike occurred, that it was to happen, and they knew that it would stop their cars. Why is it that they did not provide against it by consultation with their workmen? and if they knew that their claim was just, accede to it? if not, to provide, at whatever cost, for their strike, so that the public, who have borne all their petty swindles and outrages, should not have been so absolutely disturbed as they have during the past few days? There is a time of retribution coming for these railroad men, and they will get it sooner or

later. The people is a patient donkey, but there is a limit to the load it will bear.

Coupled with car matters, we are desirous of denouncing the infamous manner in which the cars of the Fulton Ferry and Bleecker street line dash down and up the slope between Worth and Beale streets. On the hollow by Pearl street, just beneath our office windows, within the past three months the cars of this line have killed two men, and are striving daily to kill more with every hope of success. They dash down this slope with the horses at full gallop, so that they may rise the hill by their impetus, all of which is done simply to save having an extra horse waiting in the hollow to assist in dragging the overloaded car up this slope of one block. What is human life compared to the hire of one man and a horse?

We are glad to announce that the bill increasing the pay of policemen has passed both Houses of the Legislature, and bids fair to become a law. We are glad because we think the men deserve it, and we favor the increase for any ill-paid worker, either of the public or the individual.

Having discussed in this column the subject of house-rents in every phase, we are happy to announce anything that looks like an amelioration of the evil. The Common Council has initiated a plan for erecting temporary buildings on the public grounds, to accommodate poor families who will be ejected on the 1st of May. The project might be of some use had it been inaugurated earlier. But at this time it savors too much like a bit of political gammon, thrown out to catch poor men's attention. If the Common Council really means relief to the poor, there are better ways of doing it than waiting to petition the Legislature, and making a job—for a job it would certainly be—of house-building.

Of the theatres this week we have little to say. They have offered nothing new.

Maggie Mitchell has closed at Niblo's, and we are having that charming actress, Miss Bateman.

At Winter Garden, the Williams' in their regular round of Irish characters. It is only necessary to say that they fill the house every night.

The Olympic has made a success of the "Three Guardsmen."

At Wood's Theatre Miss Western has closed, and during this week we have Mr. Chas. Barras, with his specialty, of the "Hypocondriac"—funny affair in which he manages to keep his audience on the continual broad grin. After Mr. Barras will come the Worrall Sisters, three charming girls, who sing, dance, play, and do everything sensational, and will, we prophecy, be a great success.

The opera is done—the opera is begun. Under Marotzok, it departed on the 14th; and under Leonard Grover—he of pleasant memory—it began in the German form on the 17th, with "Faust." We have only to say, in reference to the German company's rendering of "Faust," that we like it better than the Italian. There is more of the spirit of the writer and composer—more of the realities of the story and the music. In all the choruses the German company is essentially superior, and in all orchestral matter, equal. The season will comprise all those operas that have become popular among us, as well as some to which we are almost strangers, among which we mention Rossini's masterpiece of "William Tell," which has been a stranger to New York for at least a dozen years.

At Wallack's, we have had a sensation, and a consequent crowd, on the appearance of Lester Wallack, after an absence from the stage of a year. Mr. Wallack should be proud of his reception; it was enthusiastic to the highest degree, and the recipient showed his appreciation by playing with his old excellence. We have no genteel comedian on the stage of this country who surpasses Lester Wallack.

— Mr. Pike, who has just lost \$1,000,000 by fire in Cincinnati, says he hopes to very soon begin a new edifice, which will exceed in elegance the opera-house just destroyed.

— Postmaster-General Dennis is having printed a postage-stamp of the denomination of 15 cents, which will soon be ready for issue. A stamp of this price, it was found, was greatly needed for the payment of postage on quarter-ounce letters for France. On the face of the stamp is a finely-executed portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

— The excavation of the lake tunnel at Chicago has been pushed to a distance of 5,602 feet from shore end, and about 645 feet from the crib, giving a total of 6,447 feet, and leaving 4,113 yet to be run. The work is going forward rapidly, the recent escape of gas having been but temporary; and the clay is in as good condition as ever.

— Capt. Raphael Semmes was released on his original parole under the Johnson-Sherman Convention, under an order issued by the President.

— The Legislature of California, on the 16th of February last, passed resolutions almost unanimously calling on the United States Government to interfere and overthrow by force of arms the empire of Maximilian in Mexico.

— Foreign.—A genuine case of trance is reported from Guillford, England. An old lady, after being for a long time in a low state of health, sank down suddenly, and was pronounced by a surgeon to be dead. The coffin was purchased and the body put into it; but it is said that just as the undertakers were about to screw down the lid, the supposed corpse started bolt upright, to the great terror of the bystanders, and getting out of the coffin walked across the room. It is added that the old lady is now half and strong."

— There is to be a gigantic aquarium among the wonders of the Universal Exhibition, Paris. The front alone is to measure 100 feet; every sort of fish is to be collected therein for the amusement of the public, and even sharks, cod and porpoises are to exhibit their peculiar habits and customs in grottoes and caves, which are to be excavated in the floor of the building, and filled with sea-weed.

— Miss Torrance, an American young lady, at one of the masked balls in Paris, appeared as a South American Indian princess in a feathered dress, with a long feather hanging from the top of her hair, which was drawn up in genuine Indian style, and a great ring through her nose.

— Out of 300,000 persons married in England in 1863, only 182,408 were able to sign their names.

— A coal bed has been found in the classic shade of Mount Olympus, in Greece. There are three beds yielding coal which contains 20 per cent. of ash. A railroad has been commenced to the mines, and the Mediterranean will soon draw its supply of coal from them.

— Two scientific gentlemen of Prague recently analyzed a green dress, and discovered no less than two ounces of arsenic in it. It follows, therefore, that green dresses, which are now becoming "all the rage," are absolutely poisonous.

— A murderer named Philippe has just been tried in Paris. Crime appears to have been a monomania with him, and inquiry has brought to light not less than 16 murders committed by him on women; of these, five were in Algeria, three in Italy and eight in France, and all by cutting their throats with a razor. He displayed a remarkable cynicism, and on entering the office of the examining judge expressed his astonishment that he should not be permitted to smoke there.

— According to an official return the total length of railways in France on the 31st of December last was 2,473 miles, against 8,159 at the close of 1864. The total income for the year 1865 amounted to 550,997,018 francs, against 525,580,630 francs in 1864; an increase of 34,416,388 francs. The average product per mile in 1865 was 67,674 francs, and in 1864 67,960 francs.

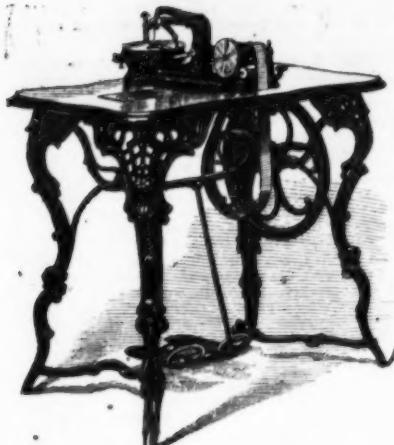
— Austria and Prussia are arming, and a war in Germany is deemed most imminent. Prussia has appealed to the minor German States, urging them to abandon the idea of neutrality, and pointing to the inefficiency of an appeal to the Federal Diet as a means of settling the question. The London *Times* deplores the war idea, and expresses the hope that England will hold aloof from the contest.

— A correspondent of the London *Examiner* writes that an interesting discovery has just been made in an ancient and long-neglected library in the west of England. It is a fragmentary manuscript of great age, probably from an abbey or monastery, which shows that on the occasion of some early and destructive murrain, a day of fasting and penance was ordered, just as in our 19th century. It shows also that, while all were then agreed that the plague was a punishment for national sins, many attributed it especially to the sin of free inquiry.

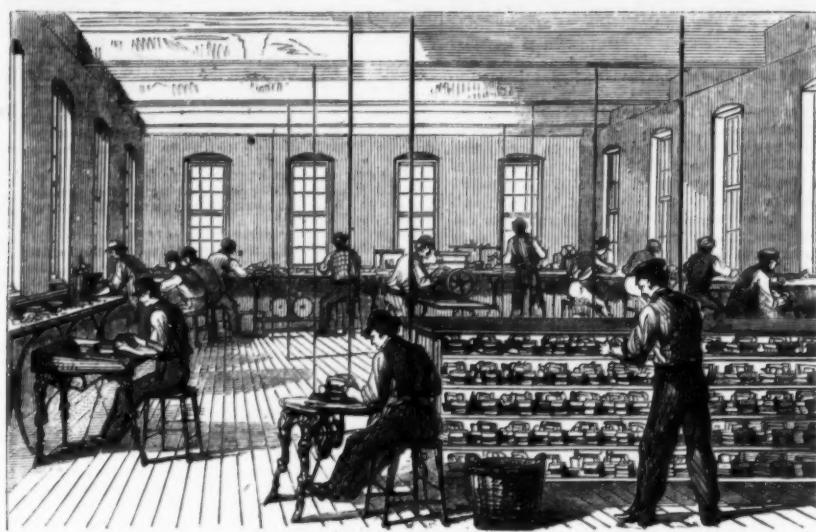
— TICKNOR & FIELDS have just published two highly commendable books for the private library. "Leighton Court," by Henry Kingsley, is a first-rate novel, which needs no better recommendation than its author's name. "Honor May," the other volume of their recent publication, enters the court of public opinion without name of author, but is very likely to make a name for itself.

— The *Home Journal* of last week announces the departure of Mr. Wm. Jay Barker, the celebrated couturier of New York. Mr. Barker has been recently married, and his trip across the ocean composes the bridal with the commercial. As a fashionable contemporary observes, Mr. Barker will embrace the opportunity, during his travels in Europe, of noticing all that is novel and beautiful in his special business, and will return laden with the facilities for introducing the latest styles that prevail in the court and other fashionable circles of the principal capitals. Our young ladies will be on the qui vive for Mr. Barker's return.

THE GREAT WORKSHOPS OF AMERICA—THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY'S WORKS.



FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.



ADJUSTING ROOM.



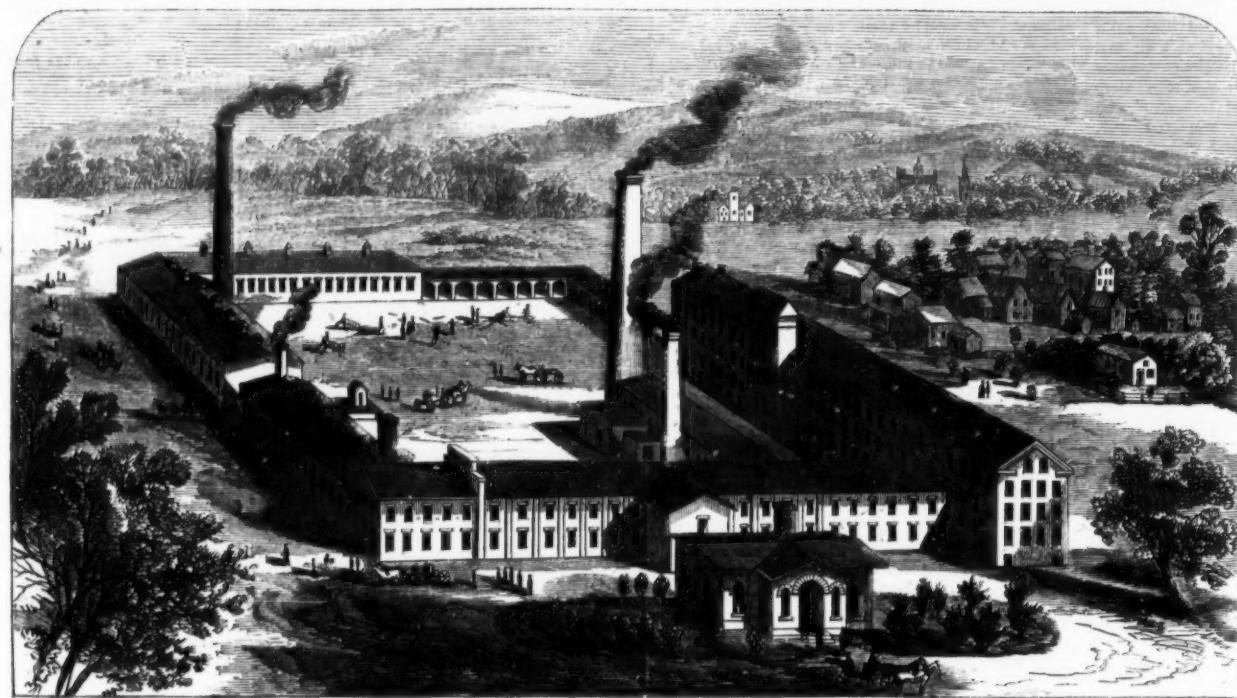
WORKMAN FINISHING MACHINE.

THE STORY OF
A MACHINE.

Do those who go about their daily avocations or pursuits, ever for a moment think of the brain-work that has been necessary to enable them to more effectually do what they do?

Are we not every day passing through a world where the minutest object we see should remind us of the great mechanical skill of the age? Every hour of the day we are indebted to a pin for aid, and yet how few of us know anything about a pin! How little do we think of the great minds that have been brought to bear upon the making of that simple bit of pointed brass—of the brains that have plodded over the machine—of the skillful men who have worked beside it, year after year, bringing forth daily new thoughts, all of which should tend to its perfection.

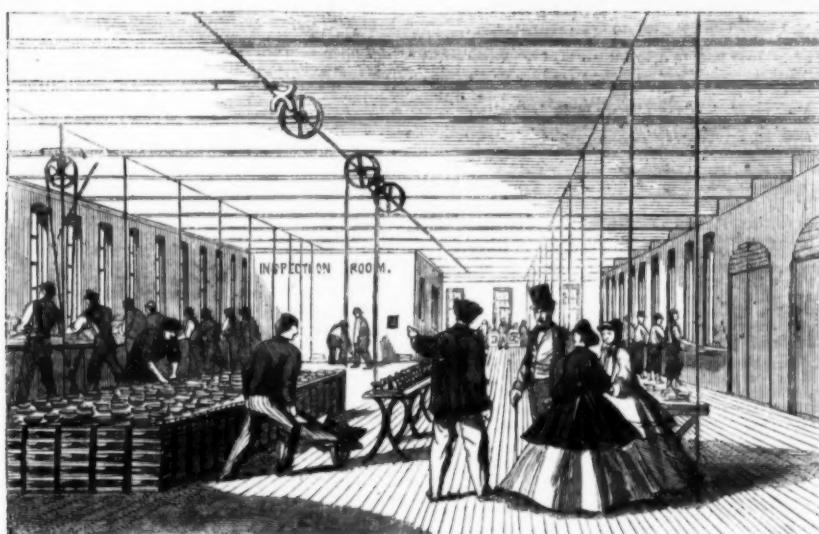
All this went through our head as we stood and viewed the almost human working of a machine—



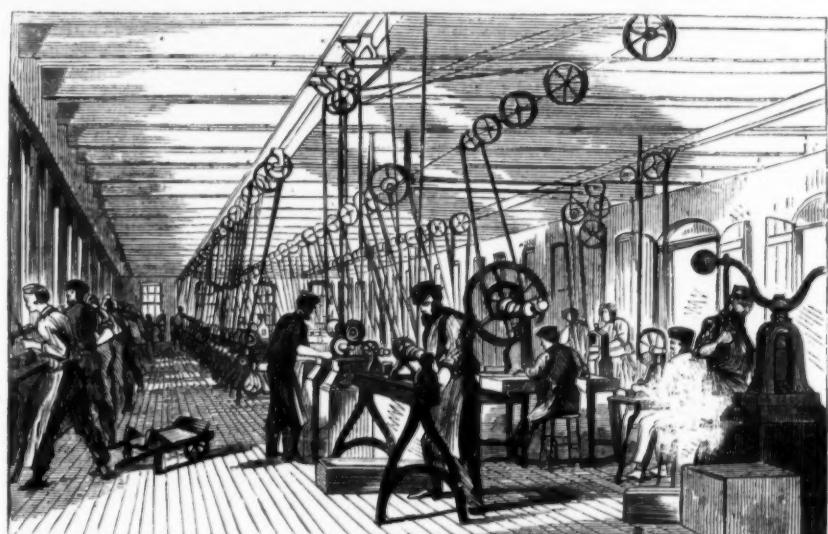
BIRDSEYE VIEW OF FACTORY, FLORENCE, MASS.

of excellence claimed for the machine, and the points wherein it differs from all other sewing machines; and having stated these, we will give a short history of the machine itself, and the place of its manufacture.

The original idea of the Florence Sewing Machine came from Leander W. Langdon, an inventive genius, who was always about machine shops, and always making something after his own ideas. Finally, after a variety of singular mechanical successes, he took it into his head to make a sewing machine, and did so. This was in Rochester, and the same machine is now in the possession of the present Florence Company. After various efforts to bring his machine into notice, he came to Florence, Massachusetts, a village within a short distance of Northampton, Hampshire county, so near as almost to be considered a suburb, and brought it before Mr. S. L. Hill, then a manufacturer of sewing machines, and Mr. D. G. Littlefield. They saw its



ASSEMBLY ROOM.



SECOND FLOOR.

sewing machine. We remember the day, not so many years ago, when the idea of a machine to sew would have been scoffed; but at last came a whisper, and then a rumor, and, finally, an announcement that something of the kind was upon the *tapet*, and at last the machine of Howe was announced. This was barely 20 years ago, and from that time till now we do not intend to follow the improvements, but simply to speak of the march of the sewing machine as one of those wonderful things that are occurring about us every day, which we do not stop to wonder at until our attention is absolutely arrested.

We select the Florence Sewing Machine for our illustration, for the simple reason that we cannot help endorsing it as the greatest of all machines calculated to do that style of labor. What it claims for itself is, that it makes four different stitches—the lock, knot, double-lock, and double-knot, each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric—and that each machine has the reversible feed motion, enabling the operator, by turning a screw, to run the work either to the left or right. The next point is the self-adjusting tension, that tension being always in proportion to the size of the bobbin. These are the main points

merit, and the final result was the formation of a company, with a capital of \$300,000, to manufacture. The fame of the machine spread rapidly, and it became necessary to increase its production. This increase will be understood when it is known that in 1861 only 50 machines were sold; in 1862, 1,100; in 1863, 2,500; and in 1864, 6,000; while now, with a sale of 1,500 per month, the company are putting \$200,000 more capital, and the facilities will be so increased that the production will be doubled.

The buildings of the company cover three acres of ground, and the work employs 350 men. In the increase of manufacture, it will not be necessary to increase the number of men in the same ratio as the manufactured machines come out, the present machinery being capable of doing twice the work, with a small addition of force; and yet the company are just about to embark the sum of \$200,000 more for the purpose of extending their manufacture, from the fact that they are not able now to supply the demand.

The process of manufacture is simply this: Upon the first, or ground-floor of this immense factory, is the foundry. There all the castings are made, and the finishing



SALES ROOM, NO. 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



SCENE OF THE RECENT MURDER OF EIGHT PERSONS IN PHILADELPHIA, ON THE 11TH OF APRIL—THE HOUSE OF MR. DEFRING, ON JAMES'S LANE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. BAUM.

and on the same floor the japanning is done. This is a most important branch of the manufacture, and, though apparently the rough part only, by comparison, is capable of the highest degree of attention.

From the finishing and japanning rooms of the first floor we go to those of the second, where all the small parts of the machine are made. There is a nicely of workmanship necessary here, that must be seen to be understood. Every part of this beautiful machine must be accurate as those of a watch; and to see that this end is reached, and no machine goes from the factory without this accuracy and finish, is the especial labor of the company. Every one of these many parts, upon being finished, goes to the Assembly-room upon the third floor, where it is put together and set running by power. It runs for one or two days, until the fact of its workmanship is made satisfactory and all is smooth, after which it is removed to the Adjusting-room, on

the same floor. In this room it is tried in every way upon both cotton and silk, from No. 12 to No. 200, and if found to work with accuracy and decision, is removed to the Inspecting-room. Here it undergoes another thorough examination in all its parts, and if finally pronounced fit and a perfect machine, it is lowered to the first floor and there receives its table.

These tables are made of different material—walnut, mahogany or rosewood, according to the taste of those who will become the owners, and are not made in the main building, but form a separate manufacture in another place.

We have here endeavored to give a clear and unvarnished account of what we must term a wonderful machine. That it has been appreciated quietly by the public is manifest from the steady increase in its sales. It has not been forced on the public, but has worked its own way. It is not a cheap machine in the common

acceptation of the word, but it is still a cheap machine in fact. The cheapest of the Florence Machines costs \$63, while the same grade of other first-class machines costs \$56; but at the same time, the Florence Machine charges nothing for all the extras, while the others do. This is the secret of its cheapness, to say nothing of its capability to do work of every kind. We are not disposed in this summary to over-command anything placed before the public for its suffrage, but when we know an article to be good, we think we are only doing our duty as public journalists to say so emphatically.

Australasia. It was lying in a natural position, as if having fallen asleep; and a Mr. Craig, who was in the colony at the time in search of curiosities, got possession of the "black fellow" for the purpose of adding him to his collection. Traveling with this singular burden wrapped in a blanket, for nearly 100 miles, he reached Mount Cambia, where his movements attracted suspicion; and the Crown Lands Ranger ascertaining that his bargain was a human being, sought the advice of a higher power, and relieved him of his prize. An action of trover was immediately commenced, and Mr. Craig succeeded in obtaining a verdict, with damages one farthing. The government, however, refused to give up the "stone or other material," which was again placed in the cave. Mr. Craig, however, again went to work, and despite the heavy iron bars with which it was guarded and the hardships he endured, he managed to regain it, and brought it in safety to England.



VIEW OF EASTPORT BAY AND CAMPBELL ISLAND, THE SCENE OF THE LATE FENIAN DEMONSTRATION, FROM THE FORT AT EASTPORT, MAINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. C. WARREN.

WHAT THEN?

BY MARTELE CONG.

WHAT if it had been different?—what then?
If now, instead of bare, dead land, untilled,
My little field had yielded golden grain?—
My cup, with blessings had been filled?—
If sunlight sifted through the leafless trees,
And gilded all my weary, dusty road,
Instead of deadness and this chilling breeze,
Instead of grayness and a heavy load?

What if my soul had been the one that found
Its wealth of happiness in him, God-given—
Instead of this bleak, barren waste of ground,
And this distracted heart, grief-riven?
What if his eyes were radiant still for me?
My children those that cluster round his knees?
And he the refuge where my heart might flee?—
What if my soul had known such joys as these?

What if the love I now must trample down
And see her live in, was but mine, instead?
And that his fame had been, in part, my crown—
His heart, the pillow for my aching head?
What if in loving him I'd cease to feel
The aching longing of a buried past?
What if in meeting him my lips I steel,
Lest they should say, "I love you," to the last?

What if I said, "My husband!"—saw him gaze
With eyes whose depths I fathom—I alone?
And living for him, bless his later days,
And die if need be, all my love unknown?
I can but weep—would this had been my lot!
My sack, the Benjamin's of all the rest!
What then? Alas! it sure is not,
I'll bear it meekly—tis God's trial test!

If this had been, no fullness then would spring
From knowing God to be the only true:
Then I'd not known my humble offering
Was blessed by Him—by Him accepted, too.
Now, I have strength to patient bear my pain,
My God has sent it, and I ask not why;
He'll join the broken links of this life's chain,
I'll bear the burden calmly till I die!

I'll feel what love can be that Jesus gives,
I'll prove Him as the truest friend of all,
And stronger grown for knowing Him, I'll live
Content, since He doth note a sparrow's fall!
So, from this life-long disappointing woe
I'll rise more purified, more heavenly blest,
Since oft his own, in pathways rough we know,
He leadeth back again to quiet rest!

I shall not mourn—the sending He has given
Shall be with very willingness my own,
Since that the path that soonest leads to heaven
Is oftenest the one we tread alone!
So, I can see him happy, and not burn
With hopes that fade but to come back again,
And calmly from these broken idols turn,
And say, If this had never been—what then?

NEW YORK, April 5th, 1866.

Then and Now.

BY HAL JONES.

CHAPTER I.

MISS LAURA WELLS,
AT HOME.
Thursday Evening, 9 o'clock.

FRANK RUTLEDGE sat twirling the card in his fingers. Memory was roaming down the avenue of the past, as our feet sometimes tread old familiar walks with lingering steps. Five years before he had loved Laura Wells—had sworn to love her through life, and the maiden in her girlish trust had listened and believed. But he had laid aside that love, as men will sometimes lay aside an affection which is wholly their own. Through the misty shadows of five years he now looked, and saw the violet eyes and amber tresses that glorified the young face of his first love. He saw, too, that fair face, pale in its tearless agony, when, with broken vows, they parted; and when he turned from Widow Wells's cottage in the gay sunlight of that summer morning, he thought their ways in life were destined to lie widely apart, and the promised friendship would only be a memory laid up in closed walls to be opened never more. But circumstances had changed the thread of their lives, and they now ran nearer than either had deemed they would. She had been left an orphan, and adopted by an aunt, a childless widow. Recently they had moved to the city to obtain medical attention for the aunt. They had taken one of the handsomest houses in the most fashionable neighborhoods, but had hitherto preserved the strictest seclusion, until encouraging hopes of the restoration of Mrs. Fairleigh's health admitted the propriety of receiving company. This much was known in fashionable society, for it was rumored that the widow was rich and Miss Wells to be her heiress.

For several weeks Frank Rutledge had intended calling, but he feared—shall I write it?—absolutely feared to meet the woman he had slighted, lest her pale face would reproach him. He was even now hesitating about accepting the invitation to her first general reception; for the very act of her soliciting his attendance proved he was not forgotten. There is a vanity within us which pleases the fancy by making us believe we are tenderly remembered, and Frank Rutledge smiled as he thought, after the embarrassment of the first meeting was over, all would be well. Just then he heard heavy footstep approaching the door, and he threw down the card before Mark Webster entered.

"Going to the Fairleigh's to-night, Rutledge?

I only called to inquire; I have an engagement, and can't sit down. I got you an invitation, notwithstanding you haven't called." He picked up the card, and curved his handsome mouth mischievously as he went on: "Miss Wells—ha! Mrs. Fairleigh's compliments were on mine. Gotten up expressly for you, I suppose. I was sounding your praise in a high key, when Miss Wells told me very quietly you were old friends, and she was not aware you were in town. Now, boy, I want you to keep that handsome face of yours out of the way, for I intend to carry off the prize myself. She is positively charming! La belle Laura will undoubtedly be the agony this season. Don't presume on your old acquaintance, for I tell you I was never more in earnest in my life. You don't believe me, I see, by your smile; but time will prove;" and laughing lightly, the young man left as uncommunicously as he entered.

Left alone again, Frank Rutledge fell to musing. So, after all, it was owing to Mark Webster the invitation was sent. A shade fell on his face; might she not have let him pass from her memory? No; he had heard woman never forgets her first love; and then she had put her own name on the card; that was a reminder of the past. He would go; that was settled; and if possible he would again reign supreme in the heart of Laura Wells. He would be in earnest this time. Her position was equal to his own now; the adopted daughter of the rich Mrs. Fairleigh was far above the simple-hearted little girl in Widow Wells's cottage. Nine o'clock sounded, and it was only when he heard the sound of Webster's step that he sprang up from his reverie and began his toilet.

"Do be quick," began Webster, as he threw himself indolently on a luxurious sofa. "The Queen will be surrounded before the Honorable Rutledge and Webster do homage to her majesty." After a few minutes silence, he added, earnestly regarding his friend: "Rutledge, you used to know Miss Wells; do you know any sad page in her history? I don't know that the thought would have occurred to me if Harry Beauford had not called my attention to a 'mournful sadness of the face,' as he calls it. I was thinking of this after I left you this evening, and, somehow, I thought I caught the expression when she spoke of you; and by this chain of sequence, I brought myself to suspecting you were linked with it. Am I right? Do you know any sad era in her life?"

His companion turned almost fiercely upon him, as he responded:

"You must be silly, man! I know Miss Wells when she was seventeen; not an age to wear sorrow, I think."

What pang was it that struck him as he spoke? What voice said, "Beware of a slighted woman?" Was it preognition? Be it as it may, for the first time since the card was laid on his table, Frank Rutledge thought all might not be well.

CHAPTER II.—THE MEETING.

MRS. FAIRLEIGH'S parlors were filled with the *élite* of the city. Laura Wells was beautiful as a dream in her festive robe of soft white tulle, sprayed with violets; and in the cluster that bound her amber braids sparkled a single diamond, the only gem she wore. She was chatting gayly to a group gathered around her, when Mr. Rutledge came forward, and was presented by Mr. Webster. Extending her hand, with frank cordiality, she said:

"We parted as friends years ago, Mr. Rutledge; I trust we meet as such now?"

"Years need not sever the links of friendship, Miss Wells."

He bent a searching look upon her. She was arranging a bud in her bouquet, and a slight smile quivered her lips. Lifting her eyes, she met his look steadily, and replied:

"Years bring many changes, sir."

"Yes; but more in your sex than mine. You have changed much since the olden time."

He was probing her heart keenly, and with a skillful hand.

"How? For better or worse?" and she smiled.

"For better; you are more beautiful than then."

"Thank you; but I was not seeking flattery. I believe I am changed, Mr. Rutledge, in heart as well as person."

The arrow went safely; it stung the man's vanity.

"Does she mean to let me know, in the beginning, that she has forgotten?" flashed through his mind.

"I once thought you needed no change of heart."

It was a bold stroke, but she did not flinch under it.

"Oh, that was because you did not know me. I was a silly child then, sir. Reminiscences of girlhood are fraught with regretful memories, and we profit by them in later years."

She laughed now a low, musical bubble of sound, pleasing to the listener, and radiating the lovely face with rippling waves of animation.

"What is that about years, Miss Wells?" said Harry Beauford, who came up in time to catch the last sentence. "Young ladies do not often acknowledge the experience of years."

"I am an exception, then. I number two and twenty, as Mr. Rutledge can testify; for he knew me five years ago. I was just telling him that, by the light of the present, the past seems very fanciful. As we grow older, life becomes more real, and we laugh over the follies of seventeen."

"But isn't the experience of seventeen the brightest? Isn't the fanciful more pleasant than the real?" asked Mr. Beauford, innocently.

"By no means, sir. Give me the awakening, with all its dull realities; it is better for us, in this working-day world. We all must, at some period of our lives, find cares and disappointments, and it is better for us if they fall in our early days, when our elastic spirits rebound from the pressure, and grow stronger by the exertion of relieving ourselves from the burden."

"Must we infer that you knew sorrow early?" asked Mr. Beauford.

"Yes, sir; a child's sorrows. I shed bitter tears over a dead dove, that I had nurtured for months; I stamped in a passion of grief when I awoke one morning to find a doll's house, which I had erected, demolished by some mischievous hands; and, later, I bent in agony over a lost lover, and believed, for a season, I was the most miserable of beings. These seem foolish sorrows now, but they were heavy then, and they were the strengthening hands to lift my nature from its weakness. I suppose my history is akin to most others. That is more enlivening than our conversation," she added, as the music from the dancing-room was borne in, and her head swayed lightly to the time.

"I came to ask the fulfillment of your promise, Miss Wells," said Mr. Beauford.

As she took his arm, Mr. Rutledge spoke:

"Will you honor me in the next set?"

"Thank you; I only dance once to-night. I have transgressed etiquette by the request of my guests to go through a new figure with Mr. Beauford."

As she passed on, Frank Rutledge watched her lend her ear in pleased attention to her partner, and her soft laugh came back to where he stood, pensive and alone. Ah! how we reach out after the unattainable. How eagerly we hover around the honeysuckle, in vain attempts to catch the humming-bird which has just escaped from our fingers. How much more beautiful and attractive it is as it flits from flower to flower, in its gorgeous colors and winning motions; and we feel, if we could grasp it again, we would prize more dearly the little winning creature. Thus did Frank Rutledge feel, as he saw her go from him in her new beauty. He would give the best years of his life now to have the power over the heart of Laura Wells he once possessed.

Later in the evening he stood beside the piano, watching her white fingers moving over the ivory keys, speaking melody to the eye and ear.

"Sing this," said Mr. Beauford, as he placed a sheet of music before her. "It is a favorite of mine, and I think the pathetic strain will suit your voice."

She bowed, and began the "The Broken Spell." Her voice poured out the notes in thrilling pathos:

"There are feelings that words cannot measure,
There are tones which we cannot forget."

Her voice lingered, hovered tenderly over the concluding lines of the song, and more than one pair of eyes sought the instrument. Turning suddenly upon the petitioner, she said:

"I would not have supposed your selection so sentimental, Mr. Beauford. Now listen to mine; and she dashed into the "Conqueror's Triumph." Loud triumphal notes of a new joy, melting into a subdued thanksgiving and steady purpose, thrilled the listeners. As the notes died away, Frank Rutledge turned and left the room. A pallor crept over her face as she saw his vacant place, but it passed as suddenly. This woman of strong will had played her part well.

CHAPTER III.—THE INTERVIEW.

THEY stood face to face in Mrs. Fairleigh's parlor—Frank Rutledge and Laura Wells. It was a spring morning; the breeze that crept in the open casements fluttered the pink muslin robe, and fingered the glittering braids which bounded the pale face of the woman. He was handsome in his manly dignity. His arms were folded across his breast, and a firm resolve was written on each feature. He was looking steadily upon the fair woman before him, and she was bearing the gaze with composed mein. At last he spoke low and calm:

"I came to you to-day, Laura Wells, as the penitent does to the confessor, seeking absolution for the past. I was mad when I flung away your priceless love. Now I would give my all of life to know that it was mine. Can you forgive the past, and let me hope that the future may be its atonement?"

"As I hope for forgiveness, Frank Rutledge, so I forgive you the wrong you did me. I was trusting and guileless, and I gave you the whole love of my soul. You grew weary of it, and gave it back to me. I then learned to know I had rested on a slender reed, and I turned to Him who never fails us, and grew strong. Forgive me, if I pain you, but I can never again trust you as I once did. There would not be happiness without perfect confidence. In the future we can only be friends."

"Try me—try me by any test you desire, before you decide."

"Could I try you better than I have done? No, Frank, I could not risk my happiness again. God knows I would not willingly pass through the ordeal the second time!"

She paled, and he saw her shiver in the warm sunlight.

"One question more, Laura; do you love another?"

"I do not; henceforth my love is locked in my own soul, to go forth only to God and His suffering children."

"There is no hope, then?"

"None. We part now, Frank Rutledge. May God's blessing be upon you in the battle of life. Write 'Excelsior' on your banner, and bear it upward upon every breeze. Be a hero, and do not fail to strive to reach the land where all our frailties are laid down, and we will know, even as we are known." If our paths ever cross, let me know that you have kept steadily in yours, as I hope to walk mine with fearless steps."

"The way is dark—black as yonder coming cloud. Go out with me to meet the contest, and together we can lighten the future!"

"I may not—I cannot. Farewell!" She waved her hand as she spoke, and glided out. He looked after her. She faltered, turned, looked back upon him as an angel might upon a mortal's love, and then went on, and he was alone. Alone with his

keen sorrow and hopeless despair, even as she was once in her humble cottage home. The cloud had spread, and heavy drops of rain and rumbling thunder proclaimed the coming summer. He passed out into the storm, reckless in his disappointed hopes.

And she sought her chamber, and falling on her knees, the woman of strong will melted into a helpless child. Throwing her white arms upward, she cried:

"My God! my God!"

No mortal could penetrate the hidden soul, and its burden was only cast on God.

CHAPTER IV.—THE FUTURE.

DEAD and dying were heaped upon the red sands of the Plains of Manassas. The first great battle of 1861 was fought, and God's rain was washing up the human blood that had been spilled that day. A pale woman was moving among the suffering thousands, lending aid to many pitous plasters. On her round of mercy, the tones of a Federal soldier arrested her steps. Stooping to put a canteen of water to his lips, she started back with a low exclamation.

"Water, for God's sake, or I die!" wailed out the pleader, and she gave it to him. Their paths had crossed. Frank Rutledge and Laura Wells were again face to face. Procuring an ambulance, she had him removed to the Confederate hospital, and through long days and nights she watched beside him until he was restored.

Seven years from their parting, the war-storm broke over the United States, and Frank Rutledge, brave and patriotic, joined the Federal army in defense of the Union he loved. He commanded a company from his native city, and none was more loved or honored than the young captain.

Laura Wells had gone to a Southern State with her aunt, who had been recommended by the physicians to try its balmy air. Two years Mrs. Fairleigh lingered, and then died, blessing her niece, who had been her companion and nurse. Two years' residence had endeared the noble, warm-hearted Southern people to her, and Laura determined to make her home among them. When the war began, she espoused the Southern cause, and her whole heart was enlisted for its people. She gave the bulk of her fortune to arming and equipping the soldiers, and establishing hospitals for the sick and wounded. Finally, her patriotism became enthusiasm, and she went herself to the hospitals. When the storm of conflict thundered at Manassas, she went thither, and many a friend and foe learned to bless the pale-faced woman, and none more gratefully than Captain Rutledge. When he was sufficiently recovered, she sought a parole for him, and the authorities gave it unhesitatingly, for all knew Miss Wells to be true to her espoused cause.

He called at her boarding-house a few evenings after his parole was secured, and once more he endeavored to break her resolution, once again sought the boon of her love.

"No, Captain Rutledge," she replied; "we are further apart than ever. While I can honor your patriotism, I am a rebel, and as such, cannot give you my hand, even were I otherwise inclined. Each of us believe we are right; we cannot say now which will be successful—the future will tell. God will give the victory to that He sees best. Go back to your duty, and I will as faithfully abide by mine. We need not be enemies, though we may chance to differ in sentiment."

"Enemies, Laura, never! I have no individual hatred, though I cannot love your side. If my cause be triumphant, our Union will, at least, be indebted to a rebel woman for one brave soldier; for, God helping me, I mean to give arm, fortune, and soul to the cause of my country, and to you will be the honor, if any I achieve."

"While I cannot, do not wish your side success, Frank Rutledge, I honor your determination to do your duty in that you deem right. Though we be only friends, you are the only tie, besides my country and its bleeding sufferers, that binds me here, and I can but rejoice in your personal success."

"If, when the contest is over, Laura, I come back to you with my name untarnished, and lay down the heart that beats only for my country and you, will you accept the offering? Or, if I fall, will you believe the past was atoned?"

She could not in such an hour, when it was, perhaps, their last earthly meeting, send him forth hopeless again. It was a stern battle between love and duty; but the human conquered.

"If, when it is over, Frank Rutledge, you come forth with firm principles and a true heart, I will be your wife. And if you fall!"—she shivered at the thought—"I hope we may meet in the hereafter."

He started to raise her hand to his lips, but she drew it from him.

"Not now. I cannot let your lips press my hand while you stand before me the recognized enemy

rounded by the mounds of her fallen countrymen. Standing over the grave, with bowed head and aching heart, Colonel Rutledge resolved anew to press onward in his noble career, and that grave, with its pale sleeper, should be his talisman.

A Confederate soldier, who was removing the remains of a comrade, turned to him and asked: "Did you know the lady who lies there?"

The officer bowed.

"Well, sir, she did more for the Confederate cause than many a soldier. Had our boys all been as true as she was, you would not have been our conquerors."

He did not notice the boastful tone as he would have done on any other occasion, for it was a tribute to her, and the soldier went on:

"She contracted the fever, nursing in the hospitals after the battles around the city last summer. She labored day and night for our wounded boys, and it ended as we all feared—she was laid there."

"Though I fought on the other side, sir, I honor that woman's grave," and he turned from it with bared head.

"Why doesn't Colonel Rutledge propose to some of us?" laughingly asked one of a group of young ladies in a Northern city. "He is handsome and fascinating, and then, he was such a gallant officer."

"I can tell you," answered Mark, now Captain Webster. "A sorrow has fallen on his life; he will never marry. He loved and lost the noblest woman—pardon me, ladies—I ever knew. But for the knowledge that he loved her, I would have tried to induce her to become Mrs. Webster. She died in Richmond during the war, a rebel to the last."

"A rebel! Oh, horrors!" exclaimed each voice, "Colonel Rutledge loves a rebel woman."

"Yes, with his whole soul, as only Rutledge can love with his brave heart; and what he is to-day is through her influence; for when he was a young man, he was the fairest sample of an indolent scamp I ever saw."

"And you think he will never love again?" questioned one.

"Never. He will go on unmoved in spite of your fascinations, ladies; rise to eminence, and, perhaps one day will keep bachelor's hall in the White House; and I advise you, if you wish for peace of mind only to look and admire. He is not one to wear sorrow lightly."

Truly did Laura Wells say, "It is easier to bear grief at seventeen than later."

Reader, we are done. If Colonel Rutledge should ever keep bachelor's hall in the White House, you may see him.

A BOLD SPORTSMAN.

There was a bright light (the one that guided me) shining through the window, through which I ventured to look, and saw a fine, burly, King-Henry-the-Eighth-looking man, with an enormous red beard, and shaggy hair hanging over his shoulders, sitting at his ease in an Indian reclining chair, with his heels cocked up Yankee fashion. His solar topee was on the table beside him, as also several bottles of wine, or liquor apparently, and a goblet of water. He was smoking a hubbul-hubbul hookah, with great seeming gusto, and solacing himself with occasional draughts of brandy-pawnee. He wore the orthodox white hunting or jungle costume of India, and was a rough, but fine, gentlemanly-looking man withal. I could see at a glance he was an Englishman; and I knew my toils were over for that day. I rapped at the shutters.

"Holloa! Who the devil are you?" cried my red-bearded friend.

"I am a traveler, and a Yankee."

"Quite enough. Come in, old fellow."

I was welcomed with all the warmth of Indian hospitality. I found this gentleman, who had lived for above three years in this wild jungle abode, had once been an officer in the Bombay artillery. He had got into some scrape and was tried by a court-martial and dismissed the service. Determined never to return to England, he took himself to the Wynaad jungle. He had been a very expert and keen sportsman when in the service; above all, he was a crack elephant-slayer.

Now, to kill elephants (where they abound as they do in Wynaad,) although a very profitable, is a very dangerous occupation. In fact, it is seldom done for pecuniary profit, although frequently by officers for sport. My host, being without other means of living, determined upon "doing the great Shikar," as the natives call it, for profit; and he killed a fabulous amount of elephants during his long sojourn in Wynaad.

We passed a very jolly evening, and in the morning I had an opportunity of witnessing the prowess of my host.

After twenty minutes' struggling through under-tangle, we came upon an open glade of the most beautiful turf I ever beheld. My companion dismounted. The Moplas gave him the rifles, which he carefully loaded in succession and returned to their bearers, except one, which he retained himself. Presently I heard a loud crashing among the trees, and, looking in the direction from which it came, for the first time saw a herd of wild elephants trooping through the jungle, putting aside the boughs and breaking down great arms of trees with the greatest ease.

"Now," said my friend, "you must look to yourself. I shall stand right in the path of the leading tusker. Keep with the Moplas and watch me. When I jump on my tattoo and go, gallop after me for your life."

Before I had time to digest this advice, my companion had placed himself right in the track of the leading elephant, and there, with admirable coolness, he waited until the giant lord of the jungle was within twenty yards of him. He raised the rifle deliberately to his shoulder, pulled, and down fell the huge beast stone dead,

shot through the brain. The remainder of the herd stood still as if paralyzed. Then a Mopla crept up to the daring sportsman and gave him another loaded rifle, taking the one discharged. Again the rifle went to the shoulder with the same deliberation, and the flash and the report were attended with the same result—second elephant fell dead without a struggle, but a slight quivering of the muscles. This was repeated until every rifle was discharged, and twelve elephants lay dead before my daring companion. Meanwhile, as before, the remainder of the herd remained still, silent and motionless, as though petrified. Then a Mopla approached the hunter with a tattoo. He turned his back to the herd, sprang on the pony, and rode for his life. I was not slow to follow his example.

No sooner had he jumped on the tattoo's back than a roar I shall never forget came from the before silent denizens of the forest. Loud as the report of a great gun, it seemed like the prolonged sound of many thousand trumpets, and had barely ceased when, in military parlance, the elephants broke, and, dispersing in all directions, started in pursuit of us.

"Stick to me," said my friend. "Don't let the tangle get you down, or you're a dead man;" and away, tearing through the undergrowth, rushed our ponies, apparently as anxious to quit the vicinity of their gigantic pursuers as we were.

If danger is the great element of excellence in hunting, command me to elephant-shooting; before it fox-hunting, even over the biggest country, pales into child's play. The enraged brutes pursued us, with terrible impetuosity crashing through the forest and sometimes gaining a fearful proximity to us. But my friend's eye for the country beat their superior force and great strength when I thought once or twice it was a "gone coon" with me. He dodged through openings in the jungle, making sharp turns and baffling his pursuers, until we were quite out of sight or hearing of them, when he pulled up in an open glade, took out his brandy flask, and handed it to me, laughing.

"Which part of the performance do you like best," he said, "the first or the last?" "Well, as Paddy said," I replied, "if there is any difference, it's all the same as to danger and excitement. But what use are the elephants where they are?"

"I shall go back with my men to-morrow evening," he said, "and cut off the tusks; most of them are worth 300 rupees the pair, besides a hundred rupees for killing each one."

I passed another evening with the elephant-slayer, and resumed my journey next morning.

SEPULCHRE, Or Sacred Bush, devoted to Sepulture in New Caledonia.

In the vicinity of the residence of Aliko-Kaki, the chief of one of the principal tribes of New Caledonia, and in the midst of a forest peopled with immense trees, is found one of those mysterious thickets consecrated to sepulture. These thickets are called "The Sacred Bush," and it is not without danger and difficulty that the stranger in New Caledonia can approach such spots. The dead, as represented in our engraving, wrapped up in bundles and stretched upon a hammock, is suspended from the branches of a lofty tree. Among certain tribes of the south-east, they place the corpse against the trunk of a tree, which is adorned with sculptures, and to which it is fastened with ligaments.

When the head of the deceased has become reduced to a skeleton, the relations carry it to the foot of an immense tree selected for an idol, in the centre of the "Sacred Bush," and which is supposed to protect the funeral abode. Here is also the spot where the offerings are deposited. This ceremony the aborigines perform at night. They bring fruits of various kinds in vases, and cook them for the dead. When the cooking is over, the relations deposit the offering by the side of the remains, and no one ever touches that which has then become sacred.

THE FEARFUL MURDERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

ON Wednesday afternoon, the 11th of April, between two and three o'clock, the city of Philadelphia was startled by the intelligence that an entire family had been slaughtered by a German laborer engaged in the service of the murdered man. The news spread rapidly, and the detectives were soon upon the ground. The following are the details of the horrible massacre, as ascertained and reported by the *Evening Telegraph*:

Mr. Christopher Deering resided about one-half mile from the old Point House road, and within 500 yards of the site of the well-remembered Point House, about three miles below the Navy Yard, on what is termed the "Neck."

The dwelling-house, a two story frame, is located on Jones's lane, the barn and stable being a short distance off. Mr. Deering was a cattle-dealer, and a quiet, unostentatious man. He attended strictly to his own business, and thus won the esteem of all who knew him. He occupied the farm for five or six years, having rented it from the owner, Mr. James Mitchell. Besides his own family, he had a hired man living with him, a German, whose name none of the residents thereabouts could give; also a lad, named Cornelius Carey, 17 years old, who was bound to Mr. Deering, and had been with him seven or eight years.

On Wednesday afternoon the fearful discovery was made that the entire family, with the exception of the eldest child, a boy named William, 10 years of age, who happened to be paying a visit to a relative, named Duffy, in West Philadelphia, were brutally murdered, and their bodies thrown together in the barn, a short distance from the dwelling-house. In each instance the heads were knocked in and the throats cut, in some cases to such an extent that they were nearly decapitated. There they lay, a mangled mass of humanity, piled one on top of the other. The father of the family and Mrs. Deering were found lying side by side in the barn, terribly disfigured, and covered with hay; and in an adjoining sort of corn-

crib was found the body of Mrs. Deering, surrounded by four of her children, all so terribly mutilated that identification was almost impossible; the ages of the children ranging from eight years to an innocent of fourteen months. The names of the persons murdered are as follows:

Mr. Christopher Deering, aged 37 years.
Mrs. Julia Deering, aged 44 years.
John Deering, aged 8 years.
Thomas Deering, aged 6 years.
Annie Deering, aged 4 years.
Emma Deering, aged 14 months.
Mrs. Elizabeth Dolan, aged 45 years.
Cornelius Carey, aged 17.

The last seen of any members of the family was last Friday morning, when some of the neighbors observed two of the children going over the meadow, near the house, apparently chasing up some ducks.

Instantly, on the discovery of the murder, all the resources of the police were brought to bear, and on the 13th the suspected person was found.

The man arrested is named Antoine Ganther. He formerly belonged to the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry. The prisoner states that on Saturday, about 12 o'clock, he killed the boy, Cornelius Carey, while he was on the hay-stack; but that another man, by the name of Jacob Yonder, formerly of the 11th Pennsylvania cavalry, killed the rest of the family.

The announcement of the arrest of Antoine Ganther created the most intense excitement throughout the city. The news spread like wildfire, and vengeance against the prisoner was uttered on every side. An immense crowd collected around the police-station, at the State House, and threatened to lynch the prisoner. A cousin of the murdered family wanted to take summary vengeance upon him. The prisoner was finally removed in safety to the Moyamensing prison.

Taking it altogether, it is one of the most terrible murders on record, and all its details the most mercenary and sickening.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT SANTORINO.

In this week's number we publish a sketch of the singular phenomena which have recently occurred at the island of Santorino, off the Greek coast, showing the sinking of one island and the upheaving of another from the action of the volcanic influences at work. Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Surprise* was for a time anchored close to the scene of these strange occurrences.

We now possess accurate accounts of the volcanic phenomena in the Bay of Santorino. Mr. Erskine, who visited the spot in Her Majesty's ship *Phoebe*, saw the second volcanic island rise out of the sea, like a fountain of lava, and as it rose high above the surface of the water, fragments of rock fell from its sides, when they cooled and cracked at angles, which left the masses without support. The first island of lava has now connected itself at both its ends with the island of Nea Kaimene, and the enclosed space forms a crater like the Solfatara, and is called the Volcano, being the centre of the volcanic action. Since Mr. Erskine's return, Dr. Julius Schmidt, an able observer, and the other members of the scientific commission sent by the Greek Government, have transmitted regular and detailed reports of the various phenomena that have occurred.

On the 20th of February, while the members of the commission were at the old crater of Nea Kaimene with their instruments, making observations on the volcano below, a fearful explosion arrested their attention, and, when they advanced to see the effect, a terrific eruption of flames, ashes and red-hot stones burst from the volcano. They had just time to spring for shelter under the overhanging lava of the old crater, but not until they had received a few burns on their skin and a few holes in their clothes. The fury of the eruption lasted only a few minutes, and when the wind had cleared away the smoke and ashes, they hastened to re-embark in the schooner at their disposal. The schooner, though moored between Nea and Mikro Kaimene, at a much greater distance, was in considerable danger. The deck was set on fire in several places by the red-hot stones, and the men engaged in cutting the moorings and getting the vessel out of danger, received several burns. A Greek vessel, which was taking in pozolana, near the volcano, was set on fire and the captain killed on the spot by a falling stone. During the rest of the day only slight explosions occurred, but smoke and flames were seen to issue from the volcano, and during the night, on one occasion, flames made their appearance over the old craters, both in Nea and Mikro Kaimene, and around the new island that continues to grow out of the sea.

On the 22d, a curious phenomenon, which has generally accompanied this eruption, displayed itself with singular majesty. A dense column, which had its form as clearly defined as if it had been a mass of dark purple basalt, rose slowly out of the volcano in the air. It was about 600 feet in diameter, and ascended to a height of 4,000 feet. It appeared as if a central column of fire glowed with a lurid coloring through a dense covering of ashes, mingled with smoke. For some time it preserved its columnar structure without yielding to the wind, but as the heavy matter fell, the smoke began gradually to disperse. It is interesting to compare this phenomenon with the description which Pliny gives (Epist. vi. xv.) of the cloud that issued from Vesuvius in the form of an immense pine-tree—*longissimo rutilo trunco clata in altum*—when Pompeii was destroyed and his uncle perished.

The inhabitants of Thera are greatly alarmed, and ships have been sent to enable those to escape who desire to quit the island. The danger, if not really great, is magnified by its uncertainty. The force that casts up islands of lava from the depths of the sea may topple down the town of Thera from the summit of the precipice where it stands, 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, into the gulf below. Our view is taken from a drawing made by Mr. T. Baines, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, Great Britain.

CATTLE DRIVING IN THE STREETS.

We look back upon the persecution of the early Christians, and later upon that of the Jews, with wonder and admiration, and cannot frame any reasonable theory in our own minds for such cruelty and sinfulness in the minds of the many to the acts of the few, and yet every day in our own persons we are witness to acts as bad, and these we shall in the future think of with just as much abhorrence.

We cite one of these in our engraving of cattle-driving. It is an example of what can be done to outrage a million of people living in a great city, by a few wealthy men engaged in the business of buying and selling cattle. These individuals control the trade, control the streets, buy up our law-makers, ride rough-shod over the ordinances, and laugh outright when some over-loaded beast breaks away in its desperation from its persecutors, and runs *amok* through the streets, crushing and maiming, upsetting side-walk merchants, butting through shop-windows, destroying property

generally, and throwing a quiet part of the city into distress and confusion.

To see this thing in its perfection we will issue to sight-seekers a few instructions. The best location is on some street leading up from a ferry—say Christopher, which leads up from the Hoboken Ferry. There, at almost any hour of the day, the scene we have depicted is acted. A drove of what Solon Shingle calls "cat-tail," are hustled, shouted at, beaten with a long piece of sapling, heavy enough to fell a bullock, until their tongues loll from their mouths, and their eyes are filled with bloodshot and madness. Then their drivers, partaking of the very lunacy of the beasts, scream and shout, lay on the goads until the poor beasts have welts across their backs two inches in breadth, and dash onward through the crowded street, mad with terror and blinded with the cloud of foul dust they raise about them. Then are the drivers delighted, and fat butchers stand in entranced admiration to see the scores of crazy beasts and men—we give the beast preference—tearing along, monopolizing the sidewalk as well as the highway, and making the able-bodied to fly before them, or trampling the old and infirm, the little ones or the unwary, under foot. Through the very busiest part of the town they go, stopping business, frightening horses, filling eyes, mouths and clothes with dust, stopping travel, getting even to Broadway, and at last reaching the pens or the slaughter-houses on the east side of the town, there to be turned into beef to feed the epicurean citizens of New York and vicinity and breed disease, both from their filthy keeping and unwholesome carcasses.

"Dost like the picture," good people? And yet it is simple truth.

The New Board of Health promise us reform on this point, and we shall have it, provided they can withstand the butchery influence, and for a few weeks the cattle-drivers will keep quiet and not kill anybody of consequence—a few old women and small children are not of consequence; but if, on the contrary, the Moloch should devour one or two wealthy citizens, a prominent politician or so, a leading editor, or Gen. Grant, there will be some hope that it will meet with a violent reform.

EASTPORT, MAINE, AND THE FENIAN DEMONSTRATION.

The country has been thrown into a state of excitement during the week by the story of a Fenian raid upon Canada, by the way of Eastport, Maine. This raid has been long threatened by the Roberts-Sweeny wing of the organization, but as there seemed no show of it, little attention was paid to the idea, until now it seems to have burst upon our northeastern border with some earnestness. To give a clear idea of what is doing we will give one day's telegraphing from Eastport:

The Fenians are quiet to-day. The British steamer *Rossini* has sailed for St. Andrews. The steamer *Pylades* lies off Campo Bello Island.

Two large English war vessels are here now, with steam constantly kept up, port-holes open and everything ready. The Americans are wild, and consider it a challenge.

American veterans are joining the Circles of Fenians. The Fenians are in convention.

Both the English vessels are on the wrong track.

Deserters from the English troops are joining the Circles, and active recruiting of volunteers is going on.

The Fenians have hired the Town Hall for three days, to hold meetings. There is an open session to-night.

There is another large British steamer off Campo Bello, with a large force of men ashore at work.

A number of Fenians left on a sailing vessel last night, secretly.

A large steamer, with the American flag and private signal, has just gone up the river toward St. Andrews.

SECOND DISPATCH.

The excitement continues. The Fenian's public convention is in session.

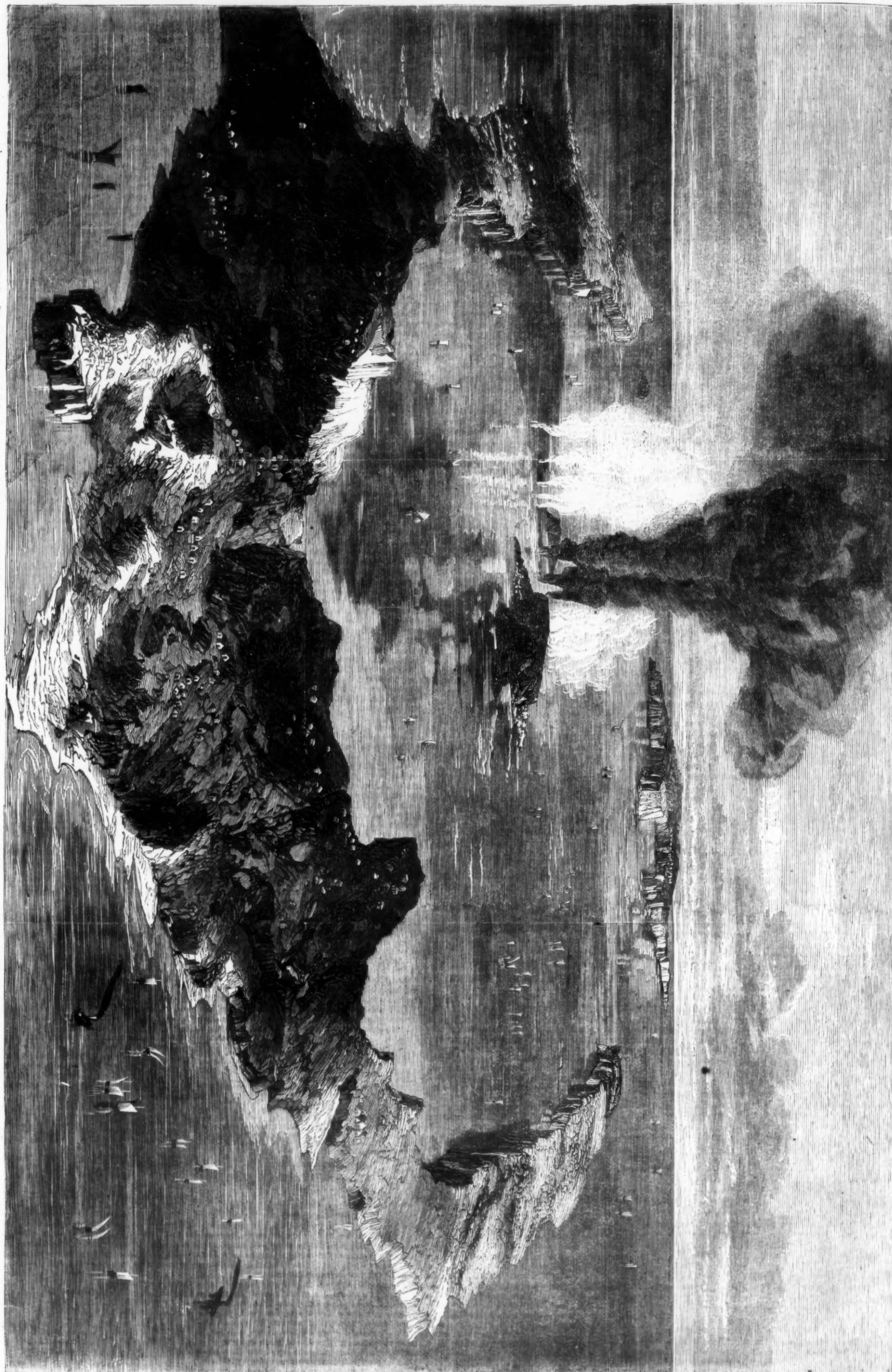
British war steamers are continually arriving, and patrolling the harbor and St. Croix River.

Fifty Fenians have left in a schooner—destination unknown.

A suspicious steamer, showing the American colors, has just passed into St. Croix River.

There are Fenian arrivals continually.

There has been a mysterious appearance of several cannon bought here by unknown parties. Cartridges are being manufactured here.



THE NEW SUBMARINE VOLCANO AT SANTORINO, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO—APPEARANCE OF A NEW ISLAND AND DISAPPEARANCE OF AN OLD ONE.

A YEAR AGO,

AND

TO-DAY.



AWAKENING.

BY MISS E. V. ROBERTS.

Look how she sits! the shadowy lids half close, Yet do not hide the dark eyes' lustrous beaming, The long brown tresses o'er her shoulders streaming, The fair cheek, deep'ning in its tint of rose; With airy visions doth her young heart seem And bright sweet fancies haunt her waking dream;

Sweet fancies that she scarcely understands, In all her slender grace of sixteen years; Half shrinking from her thoughts with childlike fears— Half grasping at her hopes with eager hands— Too guileless yet for aught like passion's glow— Her thoughts are pure as those which angels know.

She dreams of something that shall stir her heart, And wake it from its calm, unruffled sleep: A spirit brooding o'er the unfathomed deep, Summoning into being life's best part; Heaven's sweetest gift, yet oft earth's saddest woe, The mystery half she craves, half dreads to know.

Wishes, for what she cannot comprehend, Vague yearnings, for some good as yet unknown, Some hidden treasure, to be hers alone— With maidenhood's sweet bashful shrinking blend; And under all, one deep, pure, earnest thought, Life's holiest duties *thus* she shall be taught.

A strain of far-off music meets her ear, A pleading strain—it seemeth to beseech Some longed for gift—it scarcely needeth speech; But now the singer's voice is drawing near, A rich, full, deep-toned voice, sings words which seem Now half to break, now mingle with her dream.

The tender song that surely first was sung In Paradise ere evil entered there, And all was bright and holy, pure and fair, And heaven was near—"and happy earth was young"— And since, how many thousand years have rolled? How many wooings thus in song been told?

She waketh from her dream with sudden start: Upon her brow and in her earnest eyes A world of deeper thought and meaning lies; The misty veil hath risen from her heart, She seeth now the thought with which she strove: Knowledge of woman's destiny—to love.

And to each woman's heart there comes this hour, Sooner or later, when she yearns to cling Around some stronger spirit, and doth bring Her treasured-up affections, all to pour Into one being—which, with wayward sway, Perchance casts gift and giver both away.

But thou, sweet dreamer, wilt not know this fate; To thee will many cares and griefs be given, But all will only lead thee nearer heaven, And draw thee closer to thy heart's true mate; While thou, a gentle wife, wise, tender—sweet, Shalt all his life's high purposes complete.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.—BROUGHT TO BAY.

TERRIBLE was the silence of that journey to Dover—a silence that no one of the three persons attempted to break. Stage after stage the post-horses were exchanged without either of the inmates of the carriage venturing to leave it; for there was not one of the three that would not have been in mortal fear as to what the other two might say during an absence, however brief.

On arriving at the hotel at Dover, Clarissa's first inquiry was when she would be able to obtain a London evening paper, in which she expected and dreaded to find a verdict. She learned she would not be able to get one till about eight o'clock next morning, but that then the latest edition of the *Globe* always reached the hotel.

"And when to-morrow morning's London paper?"

"Not till the afternoon, about five," was the answer.

Both question and answer were heard by Sleuth and Phillis without comment.

They took supper together, as silent, and almost as wan as a party of ghosts; and then, with a few and formal words, separated—Sleuth to go to his chamber, which was on the same (an upper) floor, and the two ladies to a room just over his.

Clarissa had waited for this time to speak out, but found Phillis so overwhelmed by sleep, fatigue, and depression of spirits, that she judged it wisest to let her recruit her strength; and so they held no serious talk, and Phillis was, or appeared to be, almost immediately deep in slumber.

As to Clarissa, she pondered hour after hour on Anthony's position—on what had happened in the court; what he would think of or fear for her; and then, when she became too excited to dwell on such themes, she turned to the morrow, and to the dreadful ordeal before her, in which appeared, veiled and dim, all ideas of duty, all prospects of success.

But she, too, at last slept.

It is ruddy morning, and the long-looked-for paper—the *Globe* is in Clarissa's hands; but, to

her intense disappointment, the report of the trial broke off just where it had been made known that the chief witness, Phillis, had absconded.

Then, finding Sleuth and Phillis still in their bed-rooms (the latter she had left asleep, after a night of secret struggle and anguish, of which Clarissa knew nothing), Clarissa went out, and was absent for nearly an hour, on business of a nature that seemed to have greatly disturbed her; for when she returned and saw her face in the glass of the sitting-room, where breakfast was getting ready, she stood literally appalled at the change of a few hours, and still more at the danger that he would suspect something if he saw her as she then saw herself.

Running up to Phillis, she did not meet him, and found he had not sent any message or call; so she bathed her face for some time, and thus brought back the blood to it a little, before she ventured to converse with Phillis.

Phillis was dressing, and something in the manner of her doing so—a certain shy carefulness—struck Clarissa, but she could come to no definite conclusion, and therefore was silent.

After breakfast—during which she noticed an equally strange expression occur at intervals on Phillis's face—she heard, while writing a letter to her father, a whisper exchanged as Sleuth passed out of the room; and then, five minutes later, she saw Phillis also open the door, and go out, professedly to her bedroom, to arrange her dress for the marriage, which was to take place at noon on the day following, in an exceedingly quiet manner. Clarissa accepted the appearance of things just for a moment—for a moment only—for the next thought was one that sent her like a wild creature to the door to listen, and then up the stairs, where she found Phillis dressed, bonnet on, just going forth.

Ashamed of the deception, and yet blushing a little at it, Phillis begged her to forgive her, for it meant no harm, but that Sleuth had suggested that it was not pleasant for any of them to have Clarissa at the marriage, and—

"And therefore," suddenly interrupted Clarissa, "he thinks he will deceive you into doing an act that would leave you hopeless ever of heaven's mercy—"

"What—what do you mean?" faltered Phillis.

"Only this: he knows—oh, most far-sighted, most honorable of men!—he knows that if you are his wife, he cannot then be injured through you or your evidence—no, not even if Anthony were on the scaffold before you both!"

Phillis tore off the garments that were to have been her wedding garments, and said, with a fierce light in her eyes:

"What I may say or do now, as regards myself and him, I know not. Heaven help me! I am reckless. But as regards you and Anthony, you shall see that I did not ever intend, for a single instant, to be capable, or allow him to be capable, through me, of so frightful a crime as—as you have at times thought of in connection with me. Bad—bad as I have been—how evil I dare not yet realize to myself—but it is not too late: no. Come!"

"My own dear Phillis! I am not deceived, then! Doubting you a hundred times, as I have, in thought, always my heart has said, 'She is true to you! she will be true to you!'"

"I will; try me! But stay! Let me not overrate my powers. It may be very selfish, but I am only strong with him when he wrongs me. It were dangerous for you to expect too much. I wish—from my soul I wish—to do what is right. But now—when he is behaving so well to me—even if I confront him with this new lie—this new and most horrible fraud upon me (for he knows—he knows, what I could not tell you before—that it is not him only that I seek to save, but Mr. Maude, and Mr. Maude's rights as well) I—I fear if you exact too much from me—"

"Phillis, if I speak—if I deal with him—if I do what, three days ago, I did not think God had given me the power even to dare to contemplate as a possible reality—if I do this, will you then aid me? Will you, then, support me? Will you abide, word by word, act by act, before his very face, by your confession to me?"

"That is what I am cowardly enough to wish you to ask me to do. That I can do, at any cost to myself, if you again pledge your word to me that, if Mr. Maude is found 'Not Guilty,' you will not, directly or indirectly use, or allow to be used, the power I put into your hands, to injure him, who—do not despise me—I believe, even yet, will be my husband."

"I bind myself and Mr. Maude to that, but on the preliminary condition that I may use every power that I can bring to bear upon him now, before we know the issue of the trial, to obtain from him all we both wish and need."

"Oh, yes!" said Phillis. "Now, then, it is I who ask you to trust! I feel I shall not fail you."

The wretched luncheon—following in due course of time the wretched breakfast—is over, scarcely touched by either of the persons present. Sleuth feels something in the very air that alarms him, even while he persuades himself if the women's faces mean merely anxiety for the upshot of the trial, and for what may have to follow.

But when the luncheon things are taken away, and the room is all their own, Clarissa, often murmuring an inward and agitated prayer for strength and light, rises, walks to the window, then goes to the door, looks it, and returns half-way, facing Sleuth, who has leaped to his feet.

"Mr. Sleuth," said Clarissa, her voice trembling and yet filled with a kind of ringing energy and piercing quality of tone, "will you look to the window? The two men who stand there, they wait for you and are under the direction of a magistrate who knows my father and trusts me!"

Sleuth went—how, he knew not—and there saw two unmistakable officers of justice. Near them—but not seemingly belonging to them, appearing as a mere looker-on—stood Eau. Then he seemed about to rush at or past Clarissa.

"Stop!" she cried. "Two others are on the stairs, watching this very door."

"Miss Pompey, this—this outrage—" Sleuth began.

"Depends on you for all its meaning. I will be very frank with you. I hold here—nay, keep from me, or I open the door and call, and then I cannot save you!—I hold here a warrant for your apprehension for murder, issued by my father, on evidence laid before him by me. And my witness I am now prepared to put before you, unless even at this last and dreadful hour you will be wise, and silence her and me by your own confession of the truth!"

Sleuth's livid face showed how accurately he estimated his danger.

"Will you—will you tell me this? Have you heard anything? Is—is Anthony found 'Not Guilty'?"

"If he were, and you were once arrested, and through me, I could not, as a magistrate's daughter, help you, but must let you go to your fate. I do not yet know the verdict, and there is time for you, time for truth, time for restitution, time for repentance, perhaps—oh, with my whole heart do I wish it!—time for heaven's forgiveness, and such use and enjoyment of life in another country as this true-hearted, however erring woman, can help to give you. Mr. Sleuth, we waste time. There are before you all the materials you want. It is your life that is ebbing, like the sands in an hour-glass, while you stand there, gazing idly on me. Write!"

Sleuth dropped down into a chair, took pen and paper, and waited, not again raising his face. Phillis had risen and gone near to Clarissa, and was now further off from him than Clarissa herself. He saw and understood that movement. Clarissa began to dictate, and drew with her left arm, by a natural womanly and most fortunate instinct, Phillis toward her as she spoke, who leaned against her as if she were a child protected by its mother.

"I, Richard Sleuth, am the real murderer of my uncle, Silas Maude."

"Who dares to say so?" asked Sleuth.

"Richard, I have said so. I, who feel I have been, by my guilty connivance in many things, responsible for all."

So said Phillis, drawing courage from Clarissa's behavior and success.

"Mr. Sleuth, will you write?" demanded Clarissa, again.

"Use what phraseology you please, excuse yourself as you can, but oh, beware of vitiating, as regards your own conscience, the value of this to you in the future day!"

"I will not write blindly to any woman's dictation. Tell me, once for all, what is charged against me, and I will answer you."

"Phillis, I ask you to speak. Did this man wear the coat so often spoken of—the coat in which he went to examine the safe?"

"He did."

"Did he secretly reload his pistol?"

"He did."

"Did he change the burning wadding?"

"I believe he did."

"Did he tell you he had then, that night, obtained the codicil?"

"Yes. He said he had it in his hands before the murder, but it was taken away by the burglars."

"Did that wretch Bob come to you as a peddler, evidently looking for Sleuth, and did you or your godmother tell him facts that now make it clear he was seeking proof of the value of the codicil?"

"Yes."

"Anthony could not, then, have hidden it where it was found?"

"No."

"Mr. Sleuth will you write all that? Stay! You ask for all. Phillis, brave girl, one word more, and then I hope one day to show you and him that it is you who have saved, not you who now destroy him. Did you, or did you not, when you came to the door of the bedroom, hearing the two shots, and was too alarmed to enter, did you then see through the key-hole, in addition to all you have told me before, this man reading a paper, which you at the time believed to be a will or codicil in Anthony's favor, as the alderman had told you, when he sent you off with the letter to fetch Anthony, that he was trying to draw it, so as to be prepared against accident?"

Phillis hesitated—just a little; but Clarissa gave her time, and merely pressed her a little more tenderly with her encircling arm; and although Sleuth, in one wild look, endeavored to stem that last torrent of destruction which was to sweep away all he possessed, Phillis did not venture to meet his gaze, but said faintly:

"I—I have already said so. I cannot now deny my words."

"Well," said Sleuth, after a pause, and with a deep maliciousness of feeling that boded ill for Phillis's future—"if you—my wife that is to be—care so little for ruin, I don't see why I should."

At these bitter words, Phillis, leaving Clarissa, tottered to Sleuth, and fell on her knees before him, crying:

"Richard! Richard! it is my own guilt I confess, as well as yours. After the alderman's death, I guessed what you were doing. I would have been silent, but for reasons you know, I am and have been in the deepest wretchedness ever since. I want now, you and I, dear, dear Richard, to throw it off; obtain this noble lady's forgiveness, and then I will—oh, believe me, I will be true to you, comfort you, love you, obey you, ever, ever more, as my dear and honored husband!"

Sleuth seemed moved a little at this. He kissed her, and took her up, saying:

"Stand here, and see what I shall write. Will you excuse me, Miss Pompey?"

Sleuth began to write, and presently read aloud

"strange to say, in a sonorous tone, not devoid of a certain sense of self-satisfaction

"I, Richard Sleuth, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, now tender my voluntary declaration that it was not my cousin, but I, who

killed Alderman Maude, the old man having greatly provoked me by insulting words, while I was doing my best to smooth his last hours, and having, in addition, confessed that he meant to break faith with me, and give the property already promised to me, when he took me from my home, but happy home, to Anthony Maude."

"I also declare that I destroyed an unwitnessed paper, drawn up by my uncle in Anthony's favor, and confirming the will of May 2, 1811, but which, I presume, would have been witnessed had the unfortunate gentleman lived."

"I have only to add he was dying at the time, and had been kept alive for many hours, perhaps days, beyond the natural term of his existence, by the care and kindness of him who, in a moment of temptation, through the extraordinary nature of the opportunity, and through great insult and provocation, committed an act for which he trusts to receive the pardon of God and of his countrymen, but which he cannot—wherever he may be, or however long he may live—hope to forgive himself."

"Will that do, Miss Pompey?"

"Let me read it," she said, approaching and taking the paper. She found it was what he had professed it to be.

"Mr. Sleuth, the codicil, if you please."

"I—I have it not here."

"Then, I fear, we cannot bring this business to a satisfactory end, after all."

"I will look, if—if—you please, in my trunk in the bedroom."

"Perhaps your pocket-book?"

"My pocket-book? I—I think not. Strange! Here it is! Take it, and welcome!"

"This in Anthony's possession, of course the previous will gives him his right without further question?"

Sleuth's face was a sufficient answer.

Clarissa glanced at that infernal memorandum on the back, which, more than anything else, had injured Anthony, and she was about to show Sleuth that Phillis had made even that mystery clear by confessing Sleuth had spoken to her privately about Anthony's debts, and mentioning these very particulars about Slocum—how learned she knew not—long before the discovery of the codicil.

But when she saw how the poor creature trembled as she contemplated the future, she felt she should do wrong to inflict any fresh pangs on her, now that she had achieved full success. So Phillis was spared that weapon to be added to Sleuth's terrible armory of evil recollections and moods.

"Do not fear, Mr. Sleuth—I open the door only for witnesses. Please to ring while I stand here."

Sleuth did so.

In the presence of two witnesses—hotel servants—besides Clarissa and Phillis, Sleuth signed—all standing around him in deep silence—and then all signed after him.

The moment the witnesses had withdrawn, Clarissa went to him, now more agitated than ever, put the warrant into his hand, said,

but after two or three lines he stopped, impatiently murmuring:

"Act first, and then talk! I can be in no danger, except that which I voluntarily incur. And I can trust myself that way. Indeed, I must venture further than my own shrinking will warrant, just because I know my weakness will keep me back—must venture a little more than I like, remembering it is to regain all."

"Phillis? Well, if she likes the bed she has made, let her lie on it, but without me! She has settled me, quite. In fact, the whole scheme becomes only the more attractive if I can punish her."

"Stay! No mistakes. I AM SAFE, as things are, but ruined, hopelessly ruined in character and estate. Still I AM SAFE; and Phillis is pretty, and will be fond enough, poor fool; and I dare say I might forget all, and work myself up somehow, after many years of toil, and disgust, and obloquy."

"Yes! and all the while I shall have to think of Anthony, the grand gentleman, with his beautiful wife, and the contrast he and I will be supposed, of course, to present, when I am nothing, he all! May all infernal—I think, once, if he would have been quiet about the past, I could have liked him, even while I envied him. Now I hate him as never, I think, before, did one man hate another. I wish, if I did venture anything, he were here to—

"Pooh! This is the very way to endanger yourself, madman!"

"Do you, or do you not intend to act?"

He went to his portmanteau, took out a pistol-case, from which he drew a pistol, and carefully removed the charge.

"I won't trust myself at that game again, anyhow. I'm not bad enough for that. But if I cannot manage one way, I must try another. If chance does not aid me—in her absence from the room—I must get Phillis away from her, and then frighten her! Unless, indeed—thus armed—I faced them both. Why not?"

Again he stood paralyzed by doubt—whether to take the assured safety he had secured, with the beggary he so much dreaded; or risk he hardly knew what, but as he thought, a risk that might be prudently incurred, if only he were satisfied it was best.

Anthony's image—as a prosperous gentleman, overwhelmed with congratulations on his escape from so great a "rascal's schemes" as his (Sleuth's)—decided him. He was in his trowsers, and he would put on nothing more. He took off his socks, and threw aside his braces, and ran his fingers through his hair to scatter it with wild disorder.

Then he collected his treasures—gold, bank-notes, and small matters of value—put them into his trousers' pockets with the paper he had begun to write, saying:

"All else must go."

He fetched from a dressing-room an extremely thick overcoat and put it on, to see how it would protect him; then took it off for a time. He now drew the long white dimity curtains of his bed across a chair to support them, and fasten them so that he made them reach the window blinds, which were near—the top curtains to one window, the bottom ones to the other window. He put a chair by the bedside, and a candle on it, just as if he had been using it to read by, under the overhanging curtain, but too low as yet to set it on fire.

He saw the furniture, like the house itself, was old, handsome, but worm-eaten, and extraordinarily dry, and that it must burn, if once that single curtain by the bed's head took light. The bedstead itself was an incipient and certain bonfire.

The women slept over him. He breathed hard through his nostrils as he thought of them; then, in a sort of realistic spirit, he put a newspaper on the table by the candle, and got on to the bed, and began to read it, or try to read it, while reserving yet one moment as his own before making now and dreadful venture. But he had thought it well out. No life would be in danger, no property sacrificed but what he could repay.

The newspaper catches fire, and Sleuth seems half-inclined, by his theatrical start, to try to cheat himself into the belief it was accident after all that set the fire going.

He leaps from the bed, for he is startled by the suddenness and the gigantic instantaneous growth of the fire.

He opens the door, and shouts to the whole household:

"Fire! fire! fire!"

He puts on his coat, dips a towel in the water-jug to carry in his hand, and then, after such a delay as he thinks gives time for him to seem to have put on his trowsers after being roused from sleep by the fire, runs down to the floor below, shouting as he goes—and meeting people who take up the cry:

"Fire! fire! fire!"

He hammers at the door of the two women, and is answered by a shriek from within.

"Phillis! Clarissa! the house is on fire! The staircase will be impassable in an instant! Open! open!"

The door is opened, and both the women stand there in their night-gowns, but wrapped in their traveling cloaks.

"Quick! wait for nothing! or your lives are not worth two seconds' purchase!"

Out they came, and were met in the corridors by other guests; some shrieking, some urging calmness, all rushing down the stairs in a flock.

They got safely to the bottom, and into a coffee-room on the ground story; and there, the first feeling of terror over, they are all about—under the guidance of a thoughtful head-waiter—to go to an adjoining house, when Clarissa suddenly exclaims in a low tone to Phillis:

"My papers! I must get them first!"

"I will fetch them!" cries Sleuth, who had only been waiting for some such excuse, and away he

runs, hearing but not heeding—not believing—Clarissa's call to him to stop, who is in anguish about his danger, for the papers are not in the bedroom, but in the landlady's charge, to whom Clarissa—ever thoughtful where such interests were at stake—had confided them.

Sleuth flies up, leaps over two or three stairs at a time, blinded, almost suffocated, but sure now of success. He pins the wet towel round his neck, so as to cover at pleasure the lower part of his face, drops to his knees to pass along the corridor; gets confused as to the room; goes crawling first into one, then into another; grows frantic with the delay, is tempted on by the cooler air he finds as he advances, and by the fact that he is just able to bear it; but when at last he reaches the room, and knows it by things belonging to Phillis on the ground—a slipper and a head dress—he is scarcely able to rise to the pillow, the smoke is so dense, the heat so fearful, the flame outside the window so vivid, in spite of the intervening smoke.

"Not there!" He runs to the dressing-table. "Not there! Merciful heaven! is all this for nothing?" Again he hunts, but feels nowhere that which he seeks—the pocket-book with those damnable papers inside.

He must give it up while he is safe. Yes; he has failed—that is all, and must now make the best of things. 'Tis a pity! He has failed, but he is safe. But he must hurry. The fire is fearful. Again, on hands and knees, he seeks his way back. As he approaches the staircase, he sees it suddenly all aglow—one rail of the banisters after another answering to the call of the flames, and laughing out, as in demoniac frenzy. That very staircase down which he must pass!

"Perhaps the stairs are burnt through!" cries the miserable man, in his first paralysis of terror.

He reaches them, turns to descend on hands and knees, lest they may be too weak otherwise to bear him, and also in the hope to shelter his face, and thus he moves—his hands in torture, burning at every touch of the floor; his knees and naked feet the same. Thus he descends backward, tremblingly setting his feet on the stairs in succession; each step growing hotter—more unendurable. His shrieks for help now are heard, through all the roar and crackling of the fire, and through the confused hubbub of the people below and outside. He cannot descend! Again more and more harrowing are his cries, which are answered from below, though he is too confused to know or distinguish what is said.

He turns to face the seething, roaring gulf.

And then in that awful moment there comes back to Sleuth the remembrance of his dream on the night of the day when Anthony, sitting on the bed of the murdered man, after nailing up the room, had given him the house and land which formed the scene of his crime. Now, as then, his foot seemed glued in blood to a spot from which he could not move it, either to go back or to go down, only now he had what he had not then felt—the unendurable bodily anguish of the fire. There was before him the very gulf he had then seen. And as he thought of it all, in that wondrous swiftness of soul which enables it to concentrate almost any amount of thought and emotion into a space so brief as hardly to be calculable—Sleuth saw in the raging gulf of smoke and flame beneath him the picture of his dream—the alderman, with his white head thrown back, and his arms outstretched—but no longer toward his unhappy and forgiven daughter, but toward him (Sleuth), as if waiting for him, and beckoning to him by a look and gesture that Sleuth's rocking brain could no longer resist.

A hopeless glance backward, another still more hopeless downward in front, and then there is a leap, as of despair, into that awful caldron, which seems to Sleuth as if hell itself were opened for him in anticipation. He leaps madly forward, as if with one last despairing thought that he may land somewhere in sufficient safety, again to make fresh efforts. He leaps, and alights almost at the bottom of the staircase, but the weight of the falling body carries with it masses of the burning wood-work, no longer able to bear him. A great roar, as of giant's exultation—a great, upward-shooting light—and all is over!

* * * * *

Sleuth's danger had kept Clarissa rooted to the spot where he had left her, till she was borne further off by the seething, swaying crowd, who shifted nearer and further off, just as the fire waxed or waned.

In one of these excited movements, before the fall of the staircase with Sleuth, Clarissa got hold of the landlady and asked for her papers.

"Oh, my dear young lady, they are gone!"

The look in Clarissa's face, and then the deadly whiteness, warned the landlady, and she was just in time to receive Clarissa into her arms, and lead her away into a neighboring house.

* * * * *

When Sleuth's dead body was found, after the fire had been partially got under, there was, also, found in his pocket, sheltered by the purse, a piece of paper, on which was written, in a blurred, indistinct, hesitating kind of hand, these words:

"Moved by the tears of these two women, both dear to me, and by my cousin's fate, I have consented temporarily to take on myself the burden of Anthony's crime, so far as—"

There ended the document.

* * * * *

A SPECULATIVE CURE.—One of the physicians of the Emperor Napoleon, M. Jobert de Lamballe, has recently become a lunatic and has in consequence been placed in a *maison de sante*. Three or four days before this took place, he went to call on a friend, and suddenly in the middle of the conversation he broke out into a sort of lecture on mental diseases, tracing out with vigor and brilliancy the causes, symptoms, and various characteristics of these terrible complaints. The friend listened for more than half an hour, but he was not very comfortable at seeing the then excited state of M. Jobert. Three or four days afterward he was not surprised to hear of the state in which his visitor was, and he then began to recall the treatment suggested by the patient himself. As M. Jobert was one of the ablest physicians in Paris, it is possible that he may be cured with his own remedies.

ROMANTIC.

ONE of the most beautiful actresses of the Boulevards, Paris, received daily, for about a month, a little penny bouquet of violets. She found the bouquet in the box or with the door-keeper every evening as the play was about to begin, and this simple offering of an unknown love affected her, in spite of herself.

While acting, she looked carefully around—at the boxes, the parquet, and even behind the scenes—but to no purpose; she saw nothing by which to recognize the man of bouquets. And thereupon she gave her imagination free rein, and the imagination of an actress is very similar to that of other folks.

Was he a foreign prince, who wished to capture her heart before placing at her feet his crown and treasures? Or was he an artist, too bashful to declare his passion?

She interrogated the box-keeper, the tire-woman—in short, everybody employed in the theatre, but nobody knew anything about it. Still the bouquets came.

"Do they tell us that constancy is a chimera?" murmured she.

One evening, as she entered the theatre, she received a fresh bouquet of violets, and this time the flowers were accompanied by a letter. "At last!" she said, and opening it by the light of a reflector, she read as follows:

"Mademoiselle: I have loved you for a long time, for in not holding and loving you the same thing? Every day I come to admire you, to applaud you, to delight myself with the brightness of your eyes and the charm of your voice—"

"He must be in the house," thought the actress, and she peeped through a hole in the curtain. The audience had just commenced to assemble. She resumed the reading:

"Of your voice. You are indeed beautiful and charming, and happy are they who may approach you. What would I not give to be near you always? Would the treasures of all the world be worth one of your smiles? No."

"Ah, that is nice!" she sighed; and turning the page she continued:

"No! And yet I dare to love you—to tell you that I love you still more. I venture to beg you not to reject my homage."

"He begins to explain himself," said she to herself, "and I shall know!"—and she continued—"my homage. If this expression of my love does not offend you, place this bouquet of violets in your bosom. Oh! then I shall be the happiest of men!"

"Well," said she, "no signature, no name given; but let us see—here is a postscript."

"P. S.—If you are curious to know who writes to you, look up to the fourth tier; my legs will hang over!"

The note dropped from the hand of the actress, and her arms nearly dropped from her shoulders.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

THESE two monarchs, a few years ago, so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, are both descendants of American ladies; the one a grandson and the other a great-grandson. The ladies were born in the same neighborhood, on the Island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and Miss S.—. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage. But now for the romance of the affair: Josephine's bosom-friend quitted the island of Martinique some time before she did. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by Algerine corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners; but the corsair ship was, in turn, attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady in his seraglio, and Sultan of Turkey. Mahmoud II. was her son; Abdul Medjid was the son of Mahmoud; and the present Sultan, Abdul Aziz Khan, is the grandson of Mahmoud. Thus, the two sovereigns, who occupy so large a space in the world's eye, are descended from two American Creole girls, who were playmates in their youth, and as remarkable for their beauty and excellent dispositions as for their varied and singular fortunes. Both these women, in the height of their power, remembered the friends of their youth, and provided munificently for their welfare. Many of the relatives of the Sultaness left the Island of Martinique and settled in Constantinople, where their descendants still reside and enjoy the favor of the Sultan. The Sultaness died in 1811, the Empress Josephine in 1814.

A SELF-LOADING SHIP.—M. De Coraux, of Lyons, France, has invented and constructed a ship, which he claims can load or unload itself automatically in 40 minutes. The captain and the mechanician are the only crew on board, the working and the manipulation of the vessel and cargo being all performed by steam applied to the ingenious machinery. The loading is carried on by trucks and wagons, which can contain corn, flour, bales, cattle, horses, etc. The vessel is, as may be expected, of a peculiar character, but its exterior bears all the signs of sea-worthiness. The great changes are on deck and the interior. The former is covered with lines of rail, reaching from one extremity to the other, while at midships there are two turn-tables. In front and rear there are two or more immense cages, containing 8, 12, or 16 wagons, and the rails on which the wagons rest are adapted exactly to the rails of the deck. A cable is hooked to the wagons, which traverse the deck throughout its length, and the stern of the boat having been previously placed on a level with the quay, which is also furnished with rails, or may be, perhaps, a portion of a terminus, the wagons glide without the least interruption from the vessel to the land, and vice versa.

THE LONDON TIMES.—The "Lounger in the Clubs" of an illustrated contemporary, says: "If you have studied the *Times* lately, you will have seen that it has, in many instances, been so utterly wrong in its political vaticinations as to bring you to the conclusion that it must of late have been smitten with blindness. Indeed, rumor says that its proprietors have been quite alarmed by its vacillating conduct, the want of foresight of its conductors, its egregious mistakes, and its consequent loss of influence. The profits of the paper are as large as ever—perhaps larger—but the proprietors see and regret that its influence is decreasing every day; and it is confidently asserted that the chief proprietor, whom I need not name, has decided, and made known his decision, that unless more caution be observed some change in the staff must be made. The rumor is current at the Clubs and in the House, and is generally believed. Some indeed say that a political censor either is, or is to be, appointed to overlook all the land, and vice versa."

THE TEARs we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of affection would perish.

A NEWSPAPER editor says he felt called upon to publish Father Lewis's sermon on the "Locality of Hell," as it was a question in which nearly all his readers were deeply interested.

"JOHNNY, how many cakes did you have on Christmas day?"

"Five: first a sponge cake, then an almond cake, then a currant cake, then a sweet cake, and then a stoneware cake!"

HENRY WARD BEECHER says, that he would as soon go a courting with his father's old love-letters, as go to church and carry a book to pray out of.

"I HAVE not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing 300 pounds.

AN ADVERTISER in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms, and an acre of land.

"I HAD the best wife in the world," remarks an ill-used husband; "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

"It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyere, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AN AMERICAN gentleman traveling in Ireland hired a pure native as a servant, who he thought could give him information about the country. Observing a beautiful residence at some distance, the following colloquy ensued:

Gent.—"Patrick, who lives there?"

Serv.—"It's Mr. Fitzgerald that's dead, sir."

Gent.—"What did he die of?"

Serv.—"He died of a Thursday, sir."

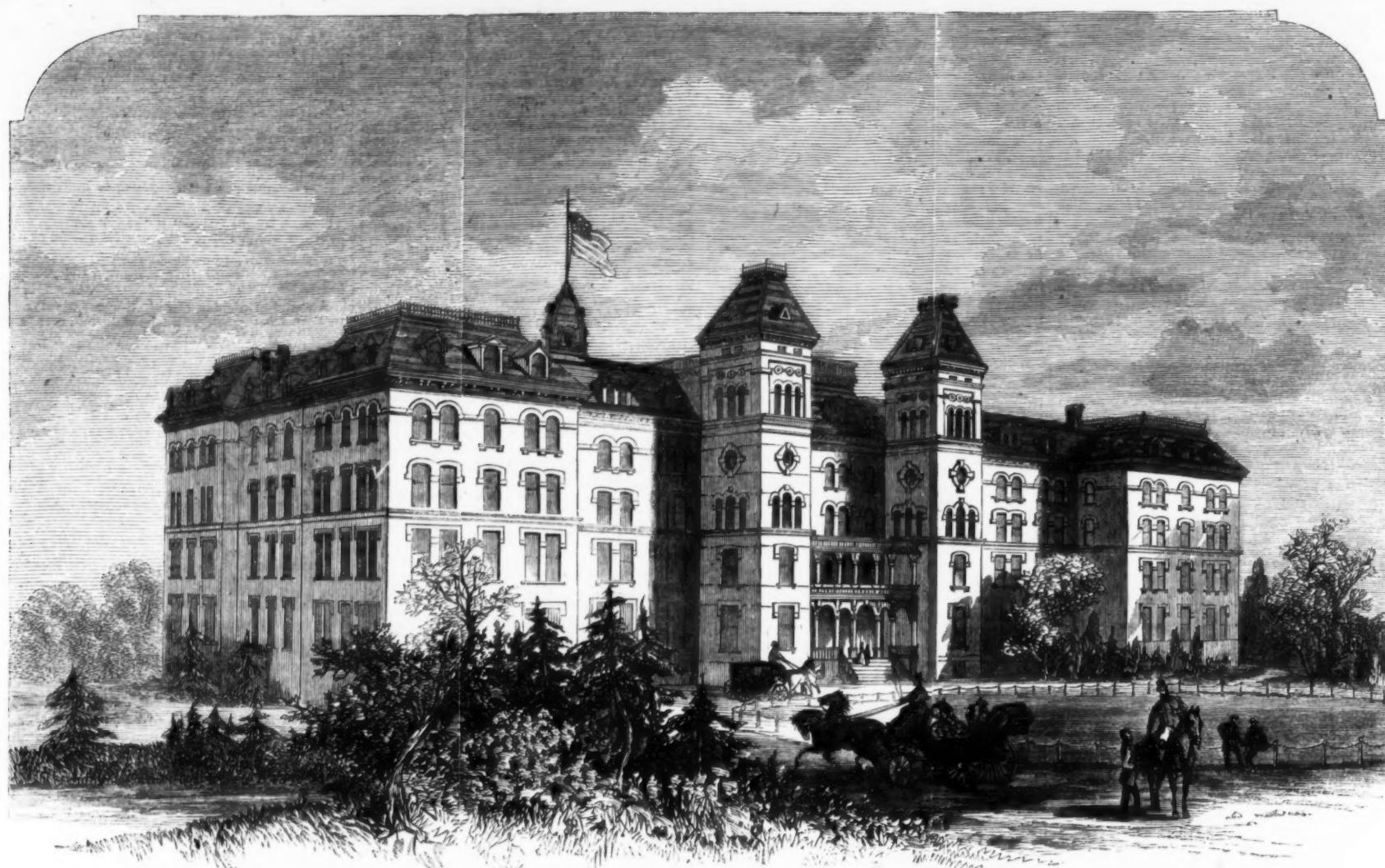
Gent.—"How long has he been dead, Patrick?"

Serv.—"If he had lived till next Thursday, sir, he'd be dead a year."

Gent.—"Have you taken anything to drink to-day?"

Serv.—"I will, sir."

Gent.—"Well, what shall



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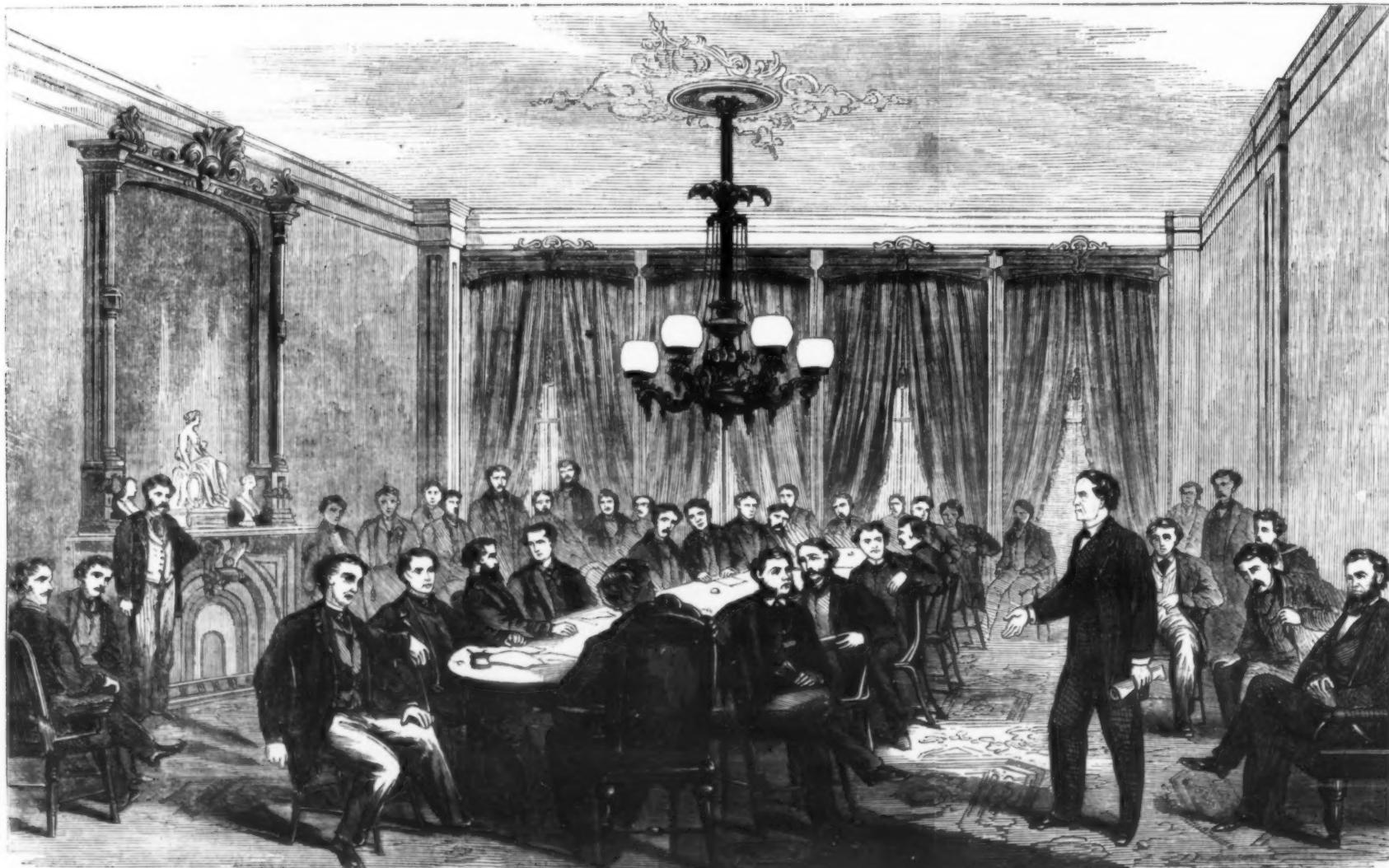
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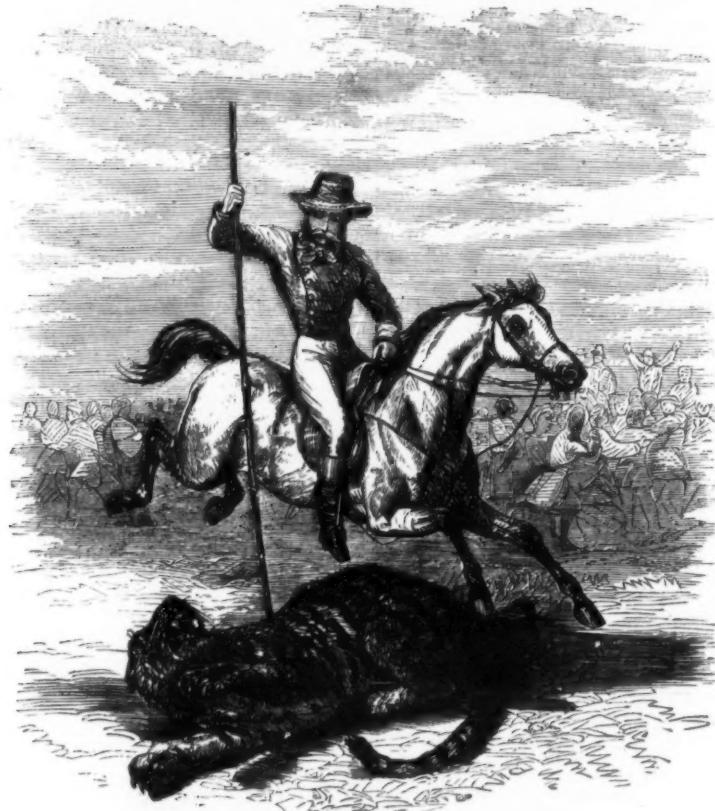
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was drawn off free from coagulation, and then she pronounced it sweet and wholesome, and the child was forthwith permitted to partake of its proper nourishment. Occasionally the god of the father, or of some member of the family, spoke, and expressly ordered that the child have nothing but the breast for an indefinite time. This was a mark of respect to the god, and called his 'banana.' In these cases the child grew amazingly, and was soon literally as plump as a banana."

The Samoans are not the only savage nation that seek to improve the shape of their heads by artificial means. Near the river Columbia there reside certain Indians, who are distinguished from other tribes by the appellation of "flat-heads." In reality, however, it is only a section of the tribe—they who are called 'Chinooks'—that constantly resort to this singular custom of distorting the skull. As in the case of the Samoan, it is effected while the child is very young, and the bones are soft and cartilaginous. The child is placed in a kind of cradle, with its back lying on a board, to which it is lashed with strong thongs. The back of the head is supported by a pillow of moss or rabbit-skins, and an inclined piece of wood is so placed over the forehead that, being fastened with cords and tightly pressed down, it gradually flattens the head to the required shape. This bandage is so fastened that it is attended with very little torture to the unconscious infant—the pressure being very slight at first, but it is gradually increased. The length of time required to complete the flattening operation is from five to eight months. During this time the infant is never taken out; the bandages are repeatedly removed for the purpose of cleansing, but the head and the shoulders are carefully kept in one position. When the infant requires the breast, the outer end of the lever that comes over the nose is loosened, and the cradle, occupant and all, is lifted up and turned aside, so that the infant

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"This lying apart from the mother necessitates the adoption of some other mode than the natural one of feeding, and so we come at the mystery of the nurse and the coco-nut chewing. For the first three days the infant was fed with the juice of the chewed kernel of the cocoa-nut, expressed through a piece of native cloth, and dropped into the mouth. On the third day a woman of the sacred craft was sent for to examine the mother's milk. A little was put into a cup with water and two heated stones, and then examined. If it had the slightest curdled appearance, she pronounced it bitter and poisonous. This process she repeated two or three times a day for several days, until it



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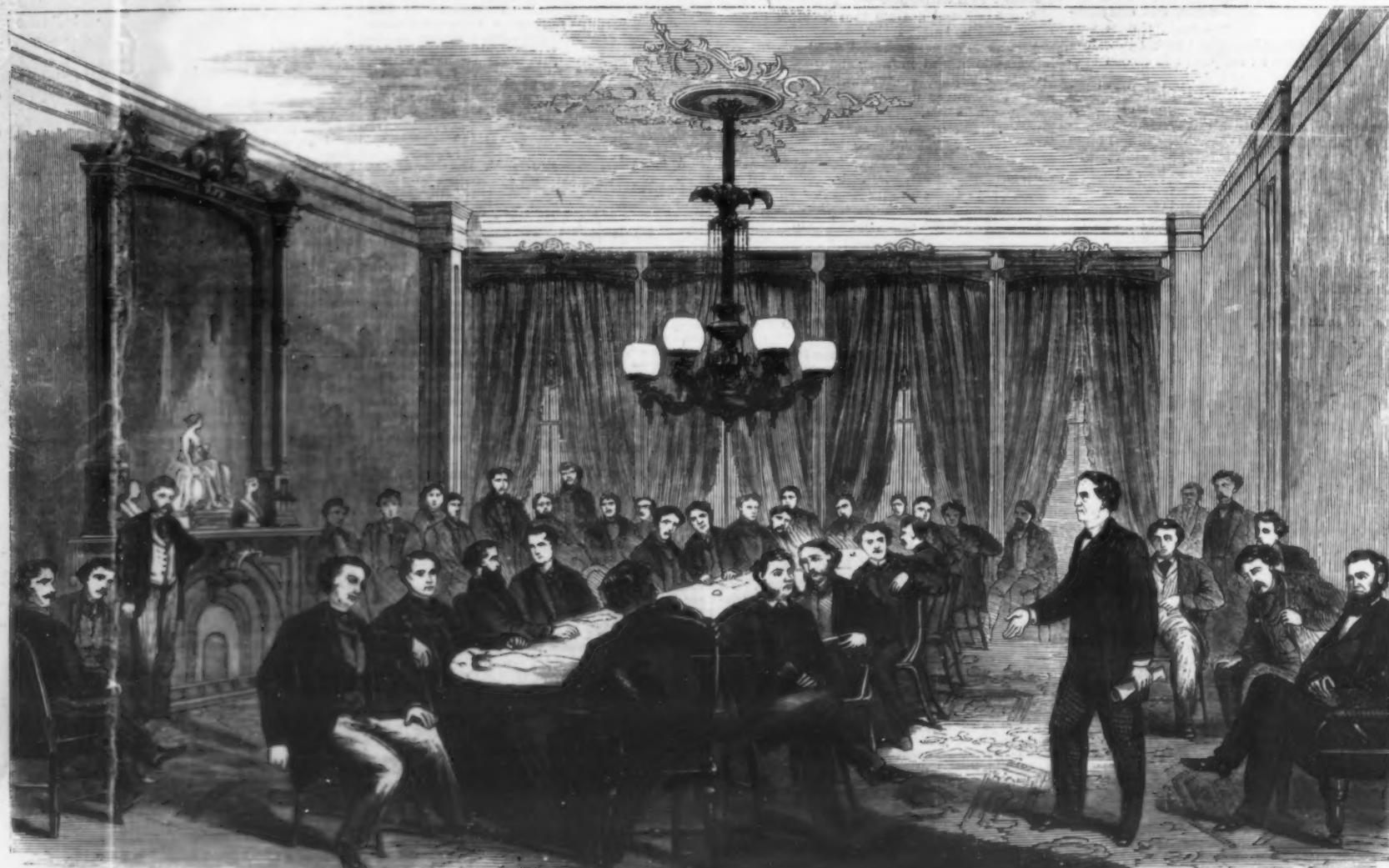
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shave the crown like a priest, while mothers and full-grown men tress the whole. Some ladies have their butter daubed on nicely, and then some scent; but the great go among the dandies is to appear in the morning with a huge pat of butter (about two ounces) placed on the top of the head, which, as it gradually melts in the sun, runs over the hair, down the neck, over the forehead, and often into the eyes, thereby causing much smarting.

"They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass, and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, were amusingly ridiculous: 'Is that me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!' 'I have no chin at all!' Or, 'I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones!' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle!' laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am, indeed!'

"The men of a village came to our encampment, and as they followed the Bushukulomo mode of dressing their hair, we had an opportunity of examining it for the first time. A circle of hair at the top of the head, eight inches or more in diameter, is woven into a cone, eight or ten inches high, with an obtuse apex bent in some cases a little forward, giving it somewhat the appearance of a helmet. Some have only a cone four or five inches in diameter at the base. It is said that the hair of animals is added; but the sides of the cone are woven something like basket-work. The head man of this village, instead of having his brought to a point, had it prolonged into a wand, which extended a full yard from the crown of his head. The hair on the forehead, above the ears, and behind, is all shaven off, so that they appear somewhat as if a cap of liberty were cocked upon the top of the head. After the weaving is performed, it is said to be painful, as the scalp is drawn tightly up, but they become used to it. Monze informed me that all his people were formerly ornamented in this way, but he discouraged it. I wished him to discourage the practice of knocking out the teeth, too, but he smiled, as if in that case the fashion would be too strong for him, as it was for Sebituane.

"All the Batoka tribes follow the odious custom. This is done by both sexes, and though the under-teeth, being relieved from the attrition of the upper, grow long and somewhat bent out, and thereby cause the under-lip to protrude in a most unsightly way, no young woman thinks herself accomplished until she has got rid of the upper incisors. This custom gives all the Batoka an uncouth, old-man-like appearance. They are so attached to the practice that even Sebituane was unable to eradicate it. He issued orders that none of the children living under him should be subjected to the custom by their parents, and disobedience to his mandates was usually punished with severity; but, notwithstanding this, the children would appear in the streets without their incisors, and no one would confess to the deed. When questioned respecting the origin of this practice, the Batoka reply that their object is to be like oxen; and those who retain their teeth they consider to resemble zebras. Whether this is the true reason or not it is difficult to say; but it is noticeable that the veneration for oxen which prevails in many tribes should here be associated with hatred of the zebra, as among the Bakwains; that this operation is performed at the same age that circumcision is in other tribes, and that here that ceremony is unknown. The custom is so universal, that a person who has his teeth is considered ugly, and occasionally when the Batoka borrowed my looking-glass the disparaging remark would be made respecting boys or girls who still retained their teeth: 'Look at their great teeth!' Some of the Makololo give a more facetious explanation of the custom. They say that the wife of a chief, having in a quarrel bitten her husband's hand, he in revenge ordered her front teeth to be knocked out, and all the men in the tribe followed his example; but this does not explain why they afterward knocked out their own."

CORILLAS.

For nearly 200 years naturalists have been vaguely cognizant of the existence of a peculiar species of ape, of a physiognomy milder and more human-like than the ordinary race of monkeys. One of these, "a small ape, tailless, without cheek-pouches, and without the ischial callosities, clothed with black hair, and with a facial angle of about 60 degrees," was brought from the western coast of Africa and anatomized by Tyson. This interesting little monkey was christened *Homo Sylvestris*, or Pigmy; and in a book published by Tyson in 1699, entitled "The Anatomy of a Pigmy compared with that of a Monkey, an Ape, and a Man," the main features of the newly-discovered animal's organization are discussed.

This, however, is by no means the earliest record we have of the existence of man-like apes. More than 2,000 years ago, Hanno, a Carthaginian, was sent out by his Government to circumnavigate the African continent. In the "Peripus," a sort of log of his marvelous voyage kept by the ancient sea captain, we read, at starting, "It was decreed by the Carthaginians that Hanno should undertake a voyage beyond the pillars of Hercules and found Lybo-Phoenician cities. He accordingly sailed with 60 ships of 50 oars each, and a body of men and women to the number of 30,000, with provisions and other necessities . . . On the other day, passing the streams of fire, we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island

full of wild men. But much the greater part of them there were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called 'gorillas.' But pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices, and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three females, who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we slayed them and conveyed them to Carthage; for we did not sail any further, as provisions began to fail."

Professor Owen expresses it as highly probable that the creature recently met on the western coast of Africa is identical with that seen by Hanno and his crew. Du Chaillu, however, whose opportunities of observation should make him the most reliable authority on all matters connected with the gorilla, differs in this respect from Owen. Du Chaillu says: "The huge gorilla consumes so great an amount of vegetable food, that no considerable number could have found sustenance on such an island as Hanno mentions. Moreover, unless its habits have undergone a very great change, it is not likely that the males would have retreated and left their females in the lurch. In my experience the male invariably advances toward the female and secures the safe retreat of its female, and on such occasions acts with forcible courage. Again, to capture even a female gorilla by hand and by simple force is, I think, impossible. No one who has seen the animal in its native forests, and watched the exhibition of its enormous strength, would believe the account. It seems probable, therefore, that Hanno met only the *Troglodytes niger*, or chimpanzee, which is common in the mountains and forests of Senegambia, and which does not attack man."

So much of public attention has been drawn within a few years past to these wonderful animals, that everything bearing on their history is of interest. At present they are almost a fable, for though a few years ago we had an opportunity which was neglected, of examining Du Chaillu's collection of gorilla skins and bones—he offered them to public inspection on Broadway—yet, so far, we have not had the living animal—a hint that we give to Barnum.

We think it will be an interesting communication to all those who have magic-lanterns and stereoscopes, and all those who intend to have them, to know that Mr. Edward Anthony, of the firm of E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 501 Broadway, has just returned to this country, after scouring all Europe, and bringing away the finest lot of glass views ever made, as well as spot under the sun to which an artist has penetrated. The event will form a new era in the parlor art of this country.

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Prescriptions costly, averaging \$1 per day. No per-
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READY RELIEF and REGULATING PILLS. Relief,
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Pills remove the malarious virus of the disease entirely
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Balance in favor of READY RELIEF. \$51 25

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REGULATING PILLS, which carry off the corrupt and
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55th to 61st Grand Prize, House, and Lots, \$2,000 each—10,000

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Making a grand total of \$492,575.25

The Drawing will take place after the Concert, on the Stage of the Opera House, where 10,000 persons can witness it. A Committee will be appointed by the audience to superintend the same. All Purchasers and Agents will be supplied with correct lists of drawing as soon as published. Tickets are for sale at the principal Hotels, Book and Music Stores in the city, and at our Office, 133 Dearborn street, price \$1 each; sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

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